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THE SIR ROGER DE COVERLEY PAPERS IN THE SPECTATOR

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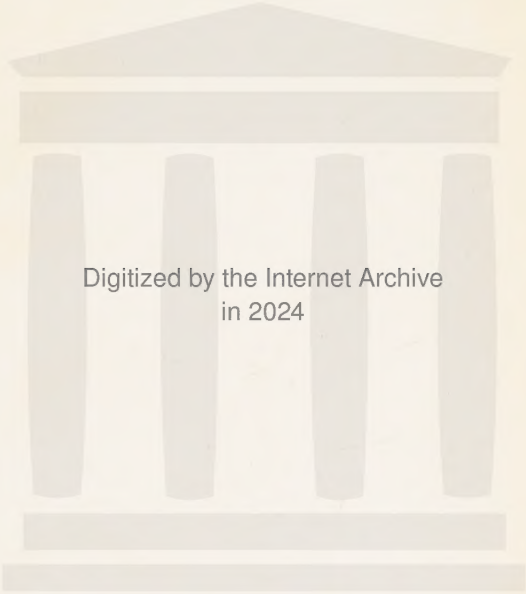
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JOSEPH ADDISON.

Merrill's English Texts

THE SIR ROGER DE COVERLEY PAPERS IN THE SPECTATOR

BY

ADDISON, STEELE, AND BUDGELL

EDITED WITH AN INTRODUCTION AND NOTES BY EDNA H. L. TURPIN, WITH EXAMINATION QUESTIONS PREPARED BY CORNELIA BEARE, INSTRUCTOR IN ENGLISH, WADLEIGH HIGH SCHOOL, NEW YORK CITY

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INTRODUCTION

Joseph Addison was born in the year 1672, about the middle of the reign of Charles II. Like those of many other celebrated men of letters, his early days were in no way remarkable for future promise. So weakly was he as a child, that it was thought necessary to christen him on the day after he was born. Of his brothers and sisters we hear very little. While at school at Lichfield, where his father was Dean, he is said to have been prime mover in a "barring out," and on another occasion to have run away, — neither story possessing any likeness of truth. From Lichfield he went to Charterhouse School, where he gained great reputation in what was then the most important part of a scholar's training — the writing of Latin verses. His most intimate school-friend was Richard Steele (1672-1729). This friendship was one of those strange connections of opposite characters, which are so frequent, and which last so long. While they were boys they probably did not know what it was that drew them each to the other. As they grew to be men each probably found that the other possessed precisely those parts which he had not, and which he therefore admired. Addison was silent, and a book-worm; Steele a chatterbox, and full of animal spirits: the one was calm, and even phlegmatic; the other impulsive, and the creature of the moment: the one frugal, the other a spendthrift; the one a peacemaker, the other with all an Irishman's love of a frolic. It is barely possible to imagine Addison climbing a tree for a bird's nest; it is impossible to imagine Steele sitting quiet for long over Livy or Virgil. Their very faces,

if Jervas's portraits are true, show the difference. Addison's quiet, somewhat prim countenance forms a striking contrast to the sparkling eyes, laughing mouth, and short round face by virtue of which Steele claimed right of entrance to the "Ugly" Club.

A specially good copy of verses which met the eyes of an Oxford professor gained Addison admission into Magdalen College, while Steele entered at Christ Church. Here, occupied chiefly with the study of the Latin poets, and in the society of men of the same mind, he passed the next ten years of his life, distinguishing himself "by a most profound silence," and gaining a high reputation for scholarship at home, and, what is more remarkable, abroad. The literature of England was as little known among French scholars then as the literature of Germany was among English scholars at the end of the last century, when Scott and his fellow-pupils used to meet and read Gesner's "Death of Abel"; and Addison's "Battle of the Pigmies and Cranes" in Latin hexameters seems to have been the first specimen of English scholarship which aroused attention.

The opinion that a close imitation of classical writers was the highest form of poetry tended naturally to depreciate all originality of conception, thereby lowering the whole standard of literary effort. It was apparently one result of the worship of France and everything French, and in this way. The more polite writers of the age of Louis XIV, especially Boileau, did their best to improve and purify their tongue. The staple of the French language being Latin, they were right in referring back to the best classic authors. English scholars who had the same end in view worked by the same method forgetting, or not knowing, that the staple of the English tongue is not Latin, but Saxon.

At the age of twenty-two Addison wrote his first English verses, addressed to Dryden, then the foremost writer in England. While they are strong, they express no more

than the natural compliment of a young poet to one whom he reverences as a master of his art.

Addison's active career did not, however, really begin until he was twenty-eight years of age. Had he been left to himself, he would probably have been tempted by the repose of an Oxford life to devote himself to inactive scholarship.

He was on the point of taking orders in the church, when the whole course of his life was suddenly turned into a new channel. At the very end of Charles's reign the press and literature generally had freed itself from Court censorship. They at once became a great power in the country, and either party was anxious to secure writers of ability. It was not the Romance which "every flowery courtier writ" that was wanted, but hard-headed reasoning power joined to a style that would command attention.

Government officials, therefore, applied to the head of Addison's college to allow him to give up his intention of taking orders and to devote himself to the public service. They wished to employ him as a diplomatist, for which post a knowledge of French and of foreign countries was indispensable: a pension of £300 a year was therefore given him in order that he might travel. He employed it well. In France and Italy he won the esteem of the best scholars. The "judicious Mr. Addison," the "ingenious Mr. Addison," are terms often applied to him.

The state of the upper classes had been bad in the latter part of the reign of Elizabeth, and worse during that of James I. But of all the times of degradation through which England has been made to pass by the folly or vices of her rulers, the age of Charles II is the worst. Nor was this altogether Charles's fault. Undoubtedly no king of England ever surpassed him in moral or political profligacy. But it is doubtful whether, had he tried to check where he encouraged, and to hang back where he gave the example, the

downward course could have been stayed by any efforts of his. The reign of the Puritans had been a reign of social tyranny. All enjoyment in life, not only that which was frivolous, but most of that which was harmless or useful, the spontaneous outcome of physical health and vigor, was suppressed. In no country but Scotland, or among the Calvinists of Geneva, could this joyless discipline have been long endured; least of all in England, full of that animal life and strength which made Erasmus speak of "those Englishwild beasts," nourished as it had been for centuries in the freedom which had served Chaucer and Shakespeare and Raleigh. Accordingly, the moment that the Puritans fell, there fell with them their rules and customs of gravity, dress and gloom. But if this had been unsightly, how unspeakably foul were the days which came on. "In this great reaction, devotion and honesty, swept away together, left to mankind but the wreck and the mire. The more excellent parts of human nature disappeared: there remained but the animal, without bridle and guide, urged by its desires beyond justice and shame."

While the whole tone of society, moral and political, was thus lowered, we cannot expect to find a circle of great writers, expressing noble thoughts in noble language. The existence of great writers in any age or country is not a matter of chance. They may have been made great by the circumstances of their age or country. They may have been great writers by nature and the circumstances may have been such that there was good chance that they would be listened to.

It is difficult for us to realize the condition at this time of men who looked to literature for their living. With us, literature is a profession — one of the highest, most respected, and most influential. But the lords and ladies of Charles's Court, while they chatted with Dryden or Butler in the antechamber of Whitehall or at the Club, or when they admitted

them to their suppers, did so with no thought of doing themselves honor, but that their ears might be pleased by a complimentary line in the next poem. "He wins this patron who can tickle best," says Pope; and it is proved by the large number of writers who were dependent almost entirely upon their patrons.

Towards the end of Charles II's reign the press had become free, and literature had become a political power.

Addison's pension had not been paid regularly, and he returned from his travels, after having for some time supported himself by becoming a traveling private tutor, in great want. For some months he was in very narrow circumstances. But in the year 1704 the country was thrilled with the news of Blenheim, where Marlborough broke the might of France.

At once every one who could write verses wrote odes of triumph.

Two instances will be sufficient to illustrate the difference between Addison's poem and those of other writers. He describes a discharge of cannon. Instead of writing of "horrific flames," "globous irons" which "hiss and singe," "hairy scalps," "latent mischiefs," and "numerous bowels," he is content to say —

> "The dreadful burst of cannon rends the skies,
> And all the thunders of the battle rise."

Instead of singing of the strength of Marlborough's right arm, he celebrates the qualities by which Marlborough won the battle.

In the whole history of letters there are few scenes more interesting than this of a great ministry waiting until the poor poet in the obscure garret had finished the work which none other was fitted to do. It is seldom that politics have paid such homage to literature.

From this time Addison's fortune was made. The Whig

party rose, chiefly through the popularity of Marlborough's successes, and Addison rose with them. After diplomatic employment abroad, he became Under-Secretary for State.

Meanwhile Steele had started a newspaper in London, on an original plan. The "Tatler" consisted of essays on different subjects — literature, religion, the gossip of the clubs, satires upon the fashions, foreign intelligence, and criticisms of the theaters. The design, while exactly suited to Addison's taste, was one upon which he would probably have never entered had his importunate friend not been by to urge him to it. Up to this time newspapers had consisted entirely of small news-sheets and advertisements.

The "Tatler" lasted about a year. Directly after the turmoil of the general election was over it was decided to start a new paper, called the "Spectator," to be written by Addison, Steele, Budgell, and other writers, and to be published every day, instead of only three days a week. It cannot be doubted that from the first to the last of the long series of essays which Addison contributed to the "Spectator" he had before him the deliberate aim of reforming society. He was well fitted for his task. His mind was stored with an immense amount of quaint and unusual information, which could be produced without effort. He had extensive experience in active and professional life. He had the advantage, which few then possessed, of having traveled far and observed closely. He was a refined and polished writer, and had passed his life, even in the bustle of political service, in quiet observation of the opinions and habits of the classes for which he wrote. Lastly, he had an inexhaustible fund of humor, genial though sly, and sparkling though quiet. It was this humor which made him the best conversationalist, among friends, of his time; which made Pope declare that his conversation was the most charming he had ever listened to, and call him

"Blest with each talent and each art to please,
And born to write, converse, and live with ease."

His method was as wise as it was novel. He attacked frivolity, not by open scoffing, not by violence or abuse, but as it were with a smile, by no means bitter, on his face. Ladies who gave their time and their minds to a new headdress, to a gossiping visit, to an affectation of learning, or to the adoration of cracked china, read through an essay at breakfast, carried along by its quaint humor, before they saw that it was a satire upon their pet folly.

The success of the "Spectator" was unprecedented. So large was the daily issue, that when the tax upon newspapers was raised so high as to drive almost all others off the field, the "Spectator" not only held its own, but was able without loss to double its price.

As the "Spectator" is that of Addison's works with which we are chiefly concerned, and that which fixes his place in the roll of English writers, we will not linger long over the remaining incidents of his life. On April 1, 1712, Swift writes to Stella, "Addison is to have a play on Friday in Easter week: 'tis a tragedy called Cato." On April 6, "I was this morning at ten at the rehearsal of Mr. Addison's play called Cato, which is to be acted on Friday." On Friday accordingly it was acted, and thanks partly to Steele, who had filled the house with friends, its success was most marked. It is certainly the best tragedy that was produced at that period, and, though bitterly attacked by home critics, was warmly applauded by Voltaire. Meanwhile he was assisting the "Guardian," which, on the same plan but with less success, succeeded the "Spectator."

At the age of forty-four he married the Dowager Countess of Warwick, an alliance from which he gained little happiness; he was in the next year created Secretary of State, but soon retired from this office, partly through ill-health,

partly, if we may believe his political enemies, through incapacity, and died fifteen months afterwards.

Eustace Budgell (1685-1736) was a cousin of Addison, who wrote thirty-seven of the original "Spectator papers," forming his style on that of Addison.

CRITICAL OPINIONS

Whoever wishes to attain an English style, familiar but not coarse, and elegant but not ostentatious, must give his days and nights to the volumes of Addison.

— *Samuel Johnson.*

That which chiefly distinguishes Addison from almost all the other great masters of ridicule is the grace, the nobleness, the moral purity which we find even in his merriment. If, as Soame Jenyns oddly imagined, a portion of the happiness of seraphim and just men made perfect be derived from an exquisite perception of the ludicrous, their mirth must surely be none other than the mirth of Addison; a mirth consistent with tender compassion for all that is frail, and with profound reverence for all that is sublime. Nothing great, nothing amiable, no moral duty, no doctrine of natural or revealed religion, has ever been associated by Addison with any degrading idea. His humanity is without a parallel in literary history. It may be confidently affirmed that he has blackened no man's character, nay, that it would be difficult, if not impossible, to find in all the volumes which he has left us a single taunt which can be called ungenerous or unkind. — *Macaulay.*

Addison, appearing at a time when English literature was at a very low ebb, made an impression which his writings would not now produce, and won a reputation which was then his due, but which has long survived his comparative excellence. Charmed by the gentle flow of his thought, — which, neither deep nor strong, neither subtle nor struggling with the obstacles of argument, might well flow easily,

— by his lambent humor, his playful fancy (he was very slenderly endowed with imagination), and the healthy tone of his mind, the writers of his own generation and those of the succeeding half century placed him upon a pedestal, in his right to which there has been since almost unquestioning acquiescence. He certainly did much for English literature, and more for English morals and manners, which in his day were sadly in need of elevation and refinement. But, as a writer of English, he is not to be compared except with great peril to his reputation, to at least a score of men who have flourished in the present century, and some of whom are now living. — *R. G. White.*

On the second of January 1711 appeared the last Tatler. At the beginning of March following appeared the first of an incomparable series of papers, containing observations on life and literature by an imaginary Spectator.

The Spectator himself was conceived and drawn by Addison; and it is not easy to doubt that the portrait was meant to be in some features a likeness of the painter. The Spectator is a gentleman who, after passing a studious youth at the university, has traveled on classic ground, and has bestowed much attention on curious points of antiquity. He has, on his return, fixed his residence in London, and has observed all the forms of life which are to be found in that great city, has daily listened to the wits of Will's, has smoked with the philosophers of the Grecian, and has mingled with the parsons at Child's, and with the politicians at the St. James's. In the morning, he often listens to the hum of the Exchange; in the evening, his face is constantly to be seen in the pit of Drury Lane Theater. But an insurmountable bashfulness prevents him from opening his mouth, except in a small circle of intimate friends.

These friends were first sketched by Steele. Four of the club, the templar, the clergyman, the soldier, and the merchant, were uninteresting figures, fit only for a background

But the other two, an old country baronet and an old town rake, though not delineated with a very delicate pencil, had some good strokes. Addison took the rude outlines into his own hands, retouched them, colored them, and is in truth the creator of the Sir Roger de Coverley and the Will Honeycomb with whom we are all familiar.

The plan of the Spectator must be allowed to be both original and eminently happy. Every valuable essay in the series may be read with pleasure separately; yet the five or six hundred essays form a whole, and a whole which has the interest of a novel. It must be remembered too that at that time no novel, giving a lively and powerful picture of the common life and manners of England, had appeared. Richardson was working as a compositor. Fielding was robbing birds' nests. Smollett was not yet born. The narrative, therefore, which connects together the Spectator's Essays, gave to our ancestors their first taste of an exquisite and untried pleasure. That narrative was indeed constructed with no art or labor. The events were such events as occur every day Sir Roger comes up to town to see Eugenio, as the worthy baronet always calls Prince Eugene, goes with the Spectator on the water to Spring Gardens, walks among the tombs in the Abbey, and is frightened by the Mohawks, but conquers his apprehension so far as to go to the theater when the Distressed Mother is acted. The Spectator pays a visit in the summer to Coverley Hall, is charmed with the old house, the old butler, and the old chaplain, eats a jack caught by Will Wimble, rides to the assizes, and hears a point of law discussed by Tom Touchy. At last a letter from the honest butler brings to the club the news that Sir Roger is dead. Will Honeycomb marries and reforms at sixty. The club breaks up; and the Spectator resigns his functions. Such events can hardly be said to form a plot; yet they are related with such truth, such grace, such wit, such humor, such pathos, such

knowledge of the human heart, such knowledge of the ways of the world, that they charm us on the hundredth perusal. We have not the least doubt that if Addison had written a novel, on an extensive plan it would have been superior to any that we possess. As it is, he is entitled to be considered not only as the greatest of the English essayists, but as the forerunner of the great English novelists.

We say this of Addison alone; for Addison is the Spectator. About three sevenths of the work are his; and it is no exaggeration to say that his worst essay is as good as the best essay of any of his coadjutors. His best essays approach near to absolute perfection; nor is their excellence more wonderful than their variety. His invention never seems to flag; nor is he ever under the necessity of repeating himself, or of wearing out a subject. There are no dregs in his wine. He regales us after the fashion of that prodigal nabob who held that there was only one good glass in a bottle. As soon as we have tasted the first sparkling foam of a jest, it is withdrawn and a fresh draught of nectar is at our lips. On the Monday we have an allegory as lively and ingenious as Lucian's Auction of Lives; on the Tuesday an Eastern apologue, as richly colored as the Tales of Scheherezade; on the Wednesday, a character described with the skill of La Bruyère; on the Thursday, a scene from common life, equal to the best chapters in the Vicar of Wakefield; on the Friday, some sly Horatian pleasantry on fashionable follies, on hoops, patches, or puppet shows; and on the Saturday a religious meditation, which will bear a comparison with the finest passages in Massillon. — *Macaulay.*

Any comparison of these two masters of the Eighteenth-Century Essay is as futile as it will probably be perpetual. While people continue to pit Fielding against Smollett, and Thackeray against Dickens, there will always be a party for Addison and a party for Steele. The adherents of the former will draw conviction from Lord Macaulay's famous

defiance in the "Edinburgh" apropos of Aikin's "Life"; those of the latter from that vigorous counterblast which (after ten years' meditation) Mr. Forster sounded in the "Quarterly." But the real lovers of literature will be content to enjoy the delightfully distinctive characteristics of both. For them Steele's frank and genial humor, his chivalrous attitude to women, and the engaging warmth and generosity of his nature, will retain their attraction, in spite of his literary inequalities and structural negligence; while the occasional coldness and restraint of Addison's manner will not prevent those who study his work from admiring his unfailing good taste, the archness of his wit, his charming sub-humorous gravity, and the perfect keeping of his character-painting. * * *

About four fifths of the "Tatler," "Spectator," and "Guardian" was written by Addison and Steele alone. The work of their coadjutors was consequently limited in extent, and, as a rule, unimportant. Budgell, Addison's cousin, whose memory survives chiefly by his tragic end, and a malignant couplet of Pope, was one of the most regular. Once,[1] working on Addison's lines, and aided, it may be, by Addison's refining pen, he made a respectable addition to the "Coverley" series. — *Austin Dobson.*

But it is not for his reputation as the great author of "Cato" and the "Campaign," or for his merits as Secretary of State, or for his rank and high distinction as my Lady Warwick's husband, or for his eminence as an Examiner of political questions on the Whig side, or a Guardian of British liberties, that we admire Joseph Addison. It is as a Tatler of small talk and a Spectator of mankind that we cherish and love him, and owe as much pleasure to him as to any human being that ever wrote. He came in that artificial age, and began to speak with his noble, natural

[1] Three times, nos. 116, 331, 359.

voice. He came, the gentle satirist who hit no unfair blow; the kind judge who castigated only in smiling. While Swift went about, hanging and ruthless — a literary Jeffreys — in Addison's kind court only minor cases were tried: only peccadillos and small sins against society; only a dangerous libertinism in tuckers and hoops; or a nuisance in the abuse of beaux' canes and snuff-boxes. It may be a lady is tried for breaking the peace of our sovereign Lady Queen Anne, and ogling too dangerously from the side-box; or a Templar for beating the watch, or breaking Priscian's head; or a citizen's wife for caring too much for the puppet-show, and too little for her husband and children: every one of the little sinners brought before him is amusing, and he dismisses each with the pleasantest penalties and the most charming words of admonition.

Addison wrote his papers as gaily as if he was going out for a holiday. When Steele's Tatler first began his prattle, Addison, then in Ireland, caught at his friend's notion, poured in paper after paper, and contributed the stores of his mind, the sweet fruits of his reading, the delightful gleanings of his daily observation, with a wonderful profusion, and as it seemed an almost endless fecundity. He was six-and-thirty years old, tall and ripe. He had not worked crop after crop from his brain, manuring hastily, subsoiling incontinently, cutting and sowing and cutting again, like other luckless cultivators of letters. He had not done much as yet: a few Latin poems — graceful professions; a polite book of travels; a dissertation on medals, not very deep; four acts of a tragedy; a great classical exercise; and the "Campaign," a large prize poem that won an enormous prize. But with his friend's discovery of the "Tatler," Addison's calling was found, and the most delightful talker in the world began to speak. He does not go very deep; let gentlemen of a profound genius, critics accustomed to the plunge of the bathos, console themselves

by thinking that he *couldn't* go very deep. There are no traces of suffering in his writing. He was so good, so honest, so healthy, so cheerfully selfish, if I must use the word. There is no deep sentiment. I doubt, until after his marriage, perhaps, whether he ever lost his night's rest or his day's tranquility about any woman in his life. Whereas poor Dick Steele had capacity enough to melt, and to languish, and to sigh, and to cry his honest old eyes out, for a dozen. His writings do not show insight into or reverence for the love of women, which I take to be, one the consequence of the other. He walks about the world watching their pretty humors, fashions, follies, flirtations, rivalries: and noting them with the most charming archness. He sees them in public, in the theater, or the assembly, or the puppet-show; or at the toy-shop higgling for gloves and lace; or at the auction, battling together over a blue porcelain dragon, or a darling monster in Japan; or at church, eying the width of their rival's hoops, or the breadth of their laces, as they sweep down the aisles. Or he looks out of his window at the "Garter" in Saint James's Street, at Ardelia's coach, as she blazes to the drawing-room with her coronet and six footmen; and remembering that her father was a Turkey merchant in the City, calculates how many sponges went to purchase her earring, and how many drums of figs to build her coach-box; or he demurely watches behind a tree in Spring Garden as Saccharissa (whom he knows under her mask) trips out of her chair to the alley where Sir Fopling is waiting. He sees only the public life of women. Addison was one of the most resolute club men of his day. He passed many hours daily in those haunts. Besides drinking — which, alas! is past praying for, you must know it — he owned, too, ladies, that he indulged in that odious practice of smoking. Poor fellow! He was a man's man, remember. The only woman he did know, he didn't write about. I take it there would not have been much humor in that story. * * *

Addison laughs at women equally; but, with the gentleness and politeness of his nature, smiles at them and watches them, as if they were harmless, half-witted, amusing, pretty creatures, only made to be men's playthings. It was Steele who first began to pay a manly homage to their goodness and understanding, as well as to their tenderness and beauty. In his comedies the heroes do not rant and rave about the divine beauties of Gloriana or Statira, as the characters were made to do in the chivalry romances and the high-flown dramas just going out of vogue; but Steele admires women's virtue, acknowledges their sense, and adores their purity and beauty, with an ardor and strength which should win the good will of all women to their hearty and respectful champion. It is this ardor, this respect, this manliness, which makes his comedies so pleasant and their heroes such fine gentlemen. He paid the finest compliment to a woman that perhaps ever was offered. Of one woman, whom Congreve had also admired and celebrated, Steele says, that "to have loved her was a liberal education." "How often," he says, dedicating a volume to his wife, "how often has your tenderness removed pain from my sick head, how often anguish from my afflicted heart! If there are such beings as guardian angels, they are thus employed. I cannot believe one of them to be more good in inclination, or more charming in form, than my wife." His breast seems to warm and his eyes to kindle when he meets with a good and beautiful woman, and it is with his heart as well as with his hat that he salutes her. About children, and all that relates to home, he is not less tender, and more than once speaks in apology of what he calls his softness. He would have been nothing without that delightful weakness. It is that which gives his works their worth and his style its charm. It, like his life, is full of faults and careless blunders; and redeemed, like that, by his sweet and compassionate nature. * * *

The great charm of Steele's writing is its naturalness. He wrote so quickly and carelessly that he was forced to make the reader his confidant, and had not the time to deceive him. He had a small share of book-learning, but a vast acquaintance with the world. He had known men and taverns. He had lived with gownsmen, with troopers, with gentlemen ushers of the Court, with men and women of fashion; with authors and wits, with the inmates of the sponging-houses, and with the frequenters of all the clubs and coffee-houses in the town. He was liked in all company because he liked it; and you like to see his enjoyment as you like to see the glee of a boxful of children at the pantomime. He was not of those lonely ones of the earth whose greatness obliged them to be solitary; on the contrary, he admired, I think, more than any man who ever wrote; and full of hearty applause and sympathy, wins upon you by calling you to share his delight and good-humor. His laugh rings through the whole house. He must have been invaluable at a tragedy, and have cried as much as the most tender young lady in the boxes. He has a relish for beauty and goodness wherever he meets it. He admired Shakespeare affectionately, and more than any man of his time; and according to his generous, expansive nature called upon all his company to like what he liked himself. He did not damn with faint praise: he was in the world and of it; and his enjoyment of life presents the strangest contrast to Swift's savage indignation and Addison's lonely serenity.

— *William Makepeace Thackeray.*

BOOKS THAT MAY BE CONSULTED IN FURTHER STUDY

Richard Steele. George A. Aitken.

Life of Richard Steele. Austin Dobson.

Sir Richard Steele. John Forster.

Henry Esmond. W. M. Thackeray.

Essay on Addison. T. B. Macaulay.

The English Humorists. W. M. Thackeray.

Essays of Joseph Addison. Edited by J. R. Green.

Selections from Steele. Edited by Austin Dobson.

History of Eighteenth Century Literature. Edmund Gosse.

Selections from Addison. Edited by T. Arnold.

Social Life in the Reign of Queen Anne. John Ashton.

Reign of Queen Anne. P. H. Stanhope.

English Literature in the Eighteenth Century. Thos. D. Perry.

Short History of English Literature. George Saintsbury.

Essays on Periodical Literature. Nathan Drake.

London in the Eighteenth Century. Sir Walter Besant

Social England. H. D. Traill. Vol. IV.

Good Queen Anne. W. H. D. Adams.

England and the English in the Eighteenth Century. W. C. Sydney.

SIR ROGER DE COVERLEY PAPERS IN THE SPECTATOR

No. 1. The Spectator's Account of Himself

SPECTATOR No. 1. *Thursday, March* 1, 1710–11[1]

> Non fumum ex fulgore, sed ex fumo dare lucem
> Cogitat, ut speciosa dehinc miracula promat.[2]
> *Hor. Ars Poet.* ver. 143.

I HAVE observed, that a reader seldom peruses a book with pleasure, till he knows whether the writer of it be a black[3] or a fair man, of a mild or choleric disposition, married or a bachelor, with other particulars of the like nature, that conduce very much to the right understanding of an author. To gratify this curiosity, which is so natural to a reader, I design this paper and my next, as prefatory discourses to my following writings, and shall give some account in them of the several persons that are engaged in this work. As the chief trouble of compiling, digesting, and correcting will fall to my share, I must do myself the justice to open the work with my own history.[4]

I was born to a small hereditary estate, which, according to the tradition of the village where it

lies, was bounded by the same hedges and ditches in William the Conqueror's time[1] that it is at present, and has been delivered down from father to son, whole and entire, without the loss or acquisition of a single field or meadow, during the space of six hundred years. There runs a story in the family, that before I was born my mother dreamt that she would bring forth a judge. Whether this might proceed from a law-suit which was then depending[2] in the family, or my father's being a justice of the peace, I cannot determine, for I am not so vain as to think it presaged any dignity that I should arrive at in my future life, though that was the interpretation which the neighbourhood put upon it. The gravity of my behaviour at my very first appearance in the world, seemed to favour my mother's dream: for as she has often told me, I threw away my rattle before I was two months old, and would not make use of my coral until they had taken away the bells from it.

As for the rest of my infancy, there being nothing in it remarkable, I shall pass it over in silence. I find that during my nonage, I had the reputation of a very sullen youth, but was always a favourite of my school-master, who used to say, "that my parts were solid, and would wear well." I had not been long at the university, before I distinguished myself by a most profound silence; for during the space of eight years, excepting in the public exer-

cises of the college, I scarce uttered the quantity of an hundred words; and indeed do not remember that I ever spoke three sentences together in my whole life. Whilst I was in this learned body, I applied myself with so much diligence to my studies, that there are very few celebrated books, either in the learned or the modern tongues, which I am not acquainted with.

Upon the death of my father, I was resolved to travel into foreign countries, and therefore left the university, with the character of an odd unaccountable fellow, that had a great deal of learning, if I would but show it. An insatiable thirst after knowledge carried me into all the countries of Europe, in which there was anything new or strange to be seen; nay, to such a degree was my curiosity raised, that having read the controversies of some great men [7] concerning the antiquities of Egypt, I made a voyage to Grand Cairo, on purpose to take the measure of a pyramid: and as soon as I had set myself right in that particular, returned to my native country with great satisfaction.

I have passed my latter years in this city, where I am frequently seen in most public places, though there are not above half a dozen of my select friends that know me, of whom my next paper shall give a more particular account. There is no place of general resort wherein I do not often make my appearance, sometimes I am seen thrusting my

head into a round of politicians at Will's,[8] and listening with great attention to the narratives that are made in those little circular audiences. Sometimes I smoke a pipe at Child's,[9] and whilst I seem attentive to nothing but the Postman,[10] overhear the conversation of every table in the room. I appear on Sunday nights at St. James's[11] coffee-house, and sometimes join the little committee of politics in the inner-room, as one who comes there to hear and improve. My face is likewise very well known at the Grecian,[12] the Cocoa-tree,[13] and in the theaters both of Drury-lane and the Hay-market.[14] I have been taken for a merchant upon the exchange for above these ten years, and sometimes pass for a Jew in the assembly of stock-jobbers at Jonathan's.[15] In short, wherever I see a cluster of people, I always mix with them, though I never open my lips but in my own club.

Thus I live in the world rather as a Spectator of mankind, than as one of the species, by which means I have made myself a speculative statesman, soldier, merchant, and artisan, without ever meddling with any practical part in life. I am very well versed in the theory of a husband, or a father, and can discern the errors in the economy, business, and diversion of others, better than those who are engaged in them; as standers-by discover blots,[16] which are apt to escape those who are in the game. I never espoused any party with violence, and am

resolved to observe an exact neutrality between the Whigs and Tories,[17] unless I shall be forced to declare myself by the hostilities of either side. In short, I have acted in all the parts of my life as a looker on, which is the character I intend to preserve in this paper.

I have given the reader just so much of my history and character, as to let him see I am not altogether unqualified for the business I have undertaken. As for other particulars in my life and adventures, I shall insert them in following papers, as I shall see occasion. In the meantime, when I consider how much I have seen, read, and heard, I begin to blame my own taciturnity; and since I have neither time nor inclination, to communicate the fullness of my heart in speech, I am resolved to do it in writing, and to print myself out, if possible, before I die. I have been often told by my friends, that it is pity so many useful discoveries which I have made should be in the possession of a silent man. For this reason, therefore, I shall publish a sheet-full of thoughts every morning, for the benefit of my contemporaries; and if I can any way contribute to the diversion, or improvement of the country in which I live, I shall leave it when I am summoned out of it, with the secret satisfaction of thinking that I have not lived in vain.

There are three very material points which I have not spoken to[18] in this paper; and which, for several

important reasons, I must keep to myself, at least for some time: I mean, an account of my name, my age, and my lodgings. I must confess, I would gratify my reader in anything that is reasonable; but as for those three particulars, though I am sensible they might tend very much to the embellishment of my paper, I cannot yet come to a resolution of communicating them to the public. They would indeed draw me out of that obscurity which I have enjoyed for many years, and expose me in public places to several salutes and civilities, which have been always very disagreeable to me; for the greatest pain I can suffer, is the being talked to, and being stared at. It is for this reason likewise, that I keep my complexion and dress as very great secrets; though it is not impossible but I may make discoveries of both in the progress of the work I have undertaken.

After having been thus particular upon myself, I shall in to-morrow's paper give an account of those gentlemen who are concerned with me in this work; for, as I have before intimated, a plan of it is laid and concerted (as all other matters of importance are) in a club. However, as my friends have engaged me to stand in the front, those who have a mind to correspond with me, may direct their letters to the Spectator, at Mr. Buckley's,[19] in Little Britain.[20] For I must further acquaint the reader, that though our club meets only on Tuesdays and

Thursdays, we have appointed a committee to sit every night for the inspection of all such papers as may contribute to the advancement of the public weal.

No. 2. The Club

SPECTATOR No. 2. *Friday, March* 2, 1710–11

——————— Ast alii sex,
Et plures, uno conclamant ore —[1] *Juv.* Sat. vii. 167.

THE first of our society [2] is a gentleman of Worcestershire,[3] of an ancient descent, a baronet, his name Sir Roger de Coverley.[4] His great grandfather was inventor of that famous country-dance [5] which is called after him. All who know that shire are very well acquainted with the parts and merits of Sir Roger. He is a gentleman that is very singular in his behavior, but his singularities proceed from his good sense, and are contradictions to the manners of the world, only as he thinks the world is in the wrong. However, this humor creates him no enemies, for he does nothing with sourness or obstinacy; and his being unconfined to modes and forms, makes him but the readier and more capable to please and oblige all who know him. When he is in town, he lives in Soho-square.[6] It is said, he keeps himself a bachelor by reason he was crossed in love by a perverse beautiful widow of the next county to him. Before this disappointment,

Sir Roger was what you call a fine gentleman, had often supped with my Lord Rochester[7] and Sir George Etherege,[8] fought a duel upon his first coming to town, and kicked Bully Dawson[9] in a public coffee-house for calling him "youngster." But being ill-used by the above-mentioned widow, he was very serious for a year and a half; and though his temper being naturally jovial, he at last got over it, he grew careless of himself, and never dressed afterwards. He continues to wear a coat and doublet of the same cut that were in fashion at the time of his repulse, which, in his merry humors, he tells us, has been in and out[10] twelve times since he first wore it. He is now in his fifty-sixth year, cheerful, gay, and hearty; keeps a good house both in town and country; a great lover of mankind; but there is such a mirthful cast in his behavior, that he is rather beloved than esteemed. His tenants grow rich, his servants look satisfied, all the young women profess to love him, and the young men are glad of his company. When he comes into a house, he calls the servants by their names, and talks all the way up stairs to a visit. I must not omit, that Sir Roger is a justice of the quorum[11]; that he fills the chair at a quarter-session[12] with great abilities, and three months ago gained universal applause, by explaining a passage in the game-act.[13]

The gentleman next in esteem and authority among us is another bachelor, who is a member of

the Inner Temple,[14] a man of great probity, wit, and understanding; but he has chosen his place of residence rather to obey the direction of an old humorsome father, than in pursuit of his own inclinations. He was placed there to study the laws of the land, and is the most learned of any of the house in those of the stage. Aristotle [15] and Longinus [16] are much better understood by him than Littleton [17] or Coke.[18] The father sends up every post questions relating to marriage-articles, leases and tenures, in the neighborhood, all which questions he agrees with an attorney to answer and take care of in the lump. He is studying the passions themselves when he should be inquiring into the debates among men which arise from them. He knows the argument of each of the orations of Demosthenes [19] and Tully,[20] but not one case in the reports of our own courts. No one ever took him for a fool; but none, except his intimate friends, know he has a great deal of wit.[21] This turn makes him at once both disinterested and agreeable. As few of his thoughts are drawn from business, they are most of them fit for conversation. His taste for books is a little too just for the age he lives in; he has read all, but approves of very few. His familiarity with the customs, manners, actions, and writings of the ancients, makes him a very delicate observer of what occurs to him in the present world. He is an excellent critic, and the time of the play [22] is his

hour of business; exactly at five he passes through New-Inn,[23] crosses through Russel-court,[24] and takes a turn at Will's till the play begins; he has his shoes rubbed and his periwig powdered at the barber's as you go into the Rose.[25] It is for the good of the audience when he is at a play, for the actors have an ambition to please him.

The person of next consideration is Sir Andrew Freeport, a merchant of great eminence in the city of London; a person of indefatigable industry, strong reason, and great experience. His notions of trade are noble and generous, and (as every rich man has usually some sly way of jesting, which would make no great figure were he not a rich man) he calls the sea the British Common. He is acquainted with commerce in all its parts, and will tell you that it is a stupid and barbarous way to extend dominion by arms; for true power is to be got by arts and industry. He will often argue, that if this part of our trade were well cultivated, we should gain from one nation; and if another, from another. I have heard him prove, that diligence makes more lasting acquisitions than valor, and that sloth has ruined more nations than the sword. He abounds in several frugal maxims, amongst which the greatest favorite is, "A penny saved is a penny got." A general trader of good sense is pleasanter company than a general scholar; and Sir Andrew having a natural unaffected eloquence,

the perspicuity of his discourse gives the same pleasure that wit would in another man. He has made his fortune himself; and says that England may be richer than other kingdoms, by as plain methods as he himself is richer than other men; though at the same time I can say this of him, that there is not a point in the compass, but blows home a ship in which he is an owner.

Next to Sir Andrew in the club-room sits Captain Sentry, a gentleman of great courage, good understanding, but invincible[26] modesty. He is one of those that deserve very well, but are very awkward at putting their talents within the observation of such as should take notice of them. He was some years a captain, and behaved himself with great gallantry in several engagements and at several sieges; but having a small estate of his own, and being next heir to Sir Roger, he has quitted a way of life in which no man can rise suitably to his merit, who is not something of a courtier as well as a soldier. I have heard him often lament, that in a profession where merit is placed in so conspicuous a view, impudence should get the better of modesty. When he has talked to this purpose, I never heard him make a sour expression, but frankly confess that he left the world, because he was not fit for it. A strict honesty and an even regular behavior, are in themselves obstacles to him that must press through crowds, who endeavor at the same end

with himself, the favor of a commander. He will however in his way of talk excuse generals, for not disposing according to men's desert, or inquiring into it; For, says he, that great man who has a mind to help me, has as many to break through to come at me, as I have to come at him: therefore he will conclude, that the man who would make a figure, especially in a military way, must get over all false modesty, and assist his patron against the importunity of other pretenders, by a proper assurance in his own vindication. He says it is a civil cowardice to be backward in asserting what you ought to expect, as it is a military fear to be slow in attacking when it is your duty. With this candor does the gentleman speak of himself and others. The same frankness runs through all his conversation. The military part of his life has furnished him with many adventures, in the relation of which he is very agreeable to the company; for he is never overbearing, though accustomed to command men in the utmost degree below him; nor ever too obsequious, from an habit of obeying men highly above him.

But that our society may not appear a set of humorists,[27] unacquainted with the gallantries and pleasures of the age, we have amongst us the gallant Will Honeycomb, a gentleman who, according to his years, should be in the decline of his life; but having ever been very careful of his person, and

always had a very easy fortune, time has made but a very little impression, either by wrinkles on his forehead, or traces on his brain. His person is well turned, and of a good height. He is very ready at that sort of discourse with which men usually entertain women. He has all his life dressed very well, and remembers habits [28] as others do men. He can smile when one speaks to him, and laughs easily. He knows the history of every mode, and can inform you from which of the French king's wenches, our wives and daughters had this manner of curling their hair, that way of placing their hoods; whose frailty was covered by such a sort of petticoat, and whose vanity to show her foot made that part of the dress so short in such a year. In a word, all his conversation and knowledge has been in the female world. As other men of his age will take notice to you [29] what such a minister said upon such and such an occasion, he will tell you, when the duke of Monmouth [30] danced at court, such a woman was then smitten, another was taken with him at the head of his troop in the Park. In all these important relations, he has ever about the same time received a kind glance, or a blow of a fan from some celebrated beauty, mother of the present Lord Such-a-one. This way of talking of his, very much enlivens the conversation among us of a more sedate turn, and I find there is not one of the company, but myself, who rarely speak at all, but speaks of

him as of that sort of man, who is usually called a well-bred fine gentleman. To conclude his character, where women are not concerned, he is an honest worthy man.

I cannot tell whether I am to account him, whom I am next to speak of, as one of our company: for he visits us but seldom, but when he does, it adds to every man else a new enjoyment of himself. He is a clergyman, a very pathetic preacher, of general learning, great sanctity of life, and the most exact good breeding. He has the misfortune to be of a very weak constitution, and consequently cannot accept of such cares and business as preferments in his function would oblige him to: he is therefore among divines what a chamber-counselor is among lawyers. The probity of his mind, and the integrity of his life, create him followers, as being eloquent or loud advances others. He seldom introduces the subject he speaks upon; but we are so far gone in years, that he observes when he is among us, an earnestness to have him fall on some divine topic, which he always treats with much authority, as one who has no interest in this world, as one who is hastening to the object of all his wishes, and conceives hope from his decays and infirmities. These are my ordinary companions.

No. 3. Unwise Ambition

SPECTATOR No. 6. *Wednesday, March* 7, 1710-11

> Credebant hoc grande nefas, et morte piandum,
> Si juvenis vetulo non assurrexerat[1] — —
> *Juv.* Sat. xiii. 54.

I KNOW no evil under the sun so great as the abuse of the understanding, and yet there is no one vice more common. It has diffused itself through both sexes, and all qualities of mankind; and there is hardly that person to be found, who is not more concerned for the reputation of wit and sense, than of honesty and virtue. But this unhappy affectation of being wise rather than honest, witty than good-natured, is the source of most of the ill habits of life. Such false impressions are owing to the abandoned writings of men of wit, and the awkward imitation of the rest of mankind.

For this reason Sir Roger was saying last night, that he was of opinion none but men of fine parts deserve to be hanged. The reflections of such men are so delicate upon all occurrences which they are concerned in, that they should be exposed to more than ordinary infamy and punishment, for offending against such quick admonitions as their own souls give them, and blunting the fine edge of their minds in such a manner, that they are no more shocked at vice and folly than men of slower capacities. There

is no greater monster in being, than a very ill man of great parts. He lives like a man in a palsy, with one side of him dead. While perhaps he enjoys the satisfaction of luxury, of wealth, of ambition, he has lost the taste of good-will, of friendship, of innocence. Scarecrow, the beggar in Lincoln's-inn-fields,[2] who disabled himself in his right leg, and asks alms all day to get himself a warm supper at night, is not half so despicable a wretch, as such a man of sense. The beggar has no relish above sensations; he finds rest more agreeable than motion; and while he has a warm fire, never reflects that he deserves to be whipped. "Every man who terminates his satisfactions and enjoyments within the supply of his own necessities and passions, is," says Sir Roger, "in my eye, as poor a rogue as Scarecrow." "But," continued he, "for the loss of public and private virtue we are beholden to your men of fine parts forsooth; it is with them no matter what is done, so it be done with an air. But to me, who am so whimsical in a corrupt age as to act according to nature and reason, a selfish man, in the most shining circumstance and equipage, appears in the same condition with the fellow above-mentioned, but more contemptible in proportion to what more he robs the public of, and enjoys above him. I lay it down therefore for a rule, that the whole man is to move together; that every action, of any importance, is to have a prospect of public good: and

that the general tendency of our indifferent actions ought to be agreeable to the dictates of reason, of religion, of good-breeding; without this, a man, as I have before hinted, is hopping instead of walking, he is not in his entire and proper motion."

While the honest knight was thus bewildering himself in good starts, I looked intentively [3] upon him, which made him, I thought, collect his mind a little. "What I aim at," says he, "is to represent that, I am of opinion, to polish our understandings, and neglect our manners, is of all things the most inexcusable. Reason should govern passion, but instead of that, you see, it is often subservient to it; and as unaccountable as one would think it, a wise man is not always a good man." This degeneracy is not only the guilt of particular persons, but also, at some times, of a whole people; and perhaps it may appear upon examination, that the most polite ages are the least virtuous. This may be attributed to the folly of admitting wit and learning as merit in themselves without considering the application of them. By this means it becomes a rule, not so much to regard what we do, as how we do it. But this false beauty will not pass upon [4] men of honest minds and true taste. Sir Richard Blackmore [5] says, with as much good sense as virtue, "It is a mighty shame and dishonor to employ excellent faculties and abundance of wit, to humor and please men in their vices and follies. The great

enemy of mankind, notwithstanding his wit and angelic faculties, is the most odious being in the whole creation." He goes on soon after to say, very generously, that he undertook the writing of his poem "to rescue the Muses out of the hands of ravishers, to restore them to their sweet and chaste mansions, and to engage them in a more employment suitable to their dignity." This certainly ought to be the purpose of every man who appears in public, and whoever does not proceed upon that foundation, injures his country as fast as he succeeds in his studies. When modesty ceases to be the chief ornament of one sex, and integrity of the other, society is upon a wrong basis, and we shall be ever after without rules to guide our judgment in what is really becoming and ornamental. Nature and reason direct one thing, passion and humour another. To follow the dictates of these two latter, is going into a road that is both endless and intricate; when we pursue the other, our passage is delightful, and what we aim at easily attainable.

I do not doubt but England is at present as polite a nation as any in the world; but any man who thinks, can easily see that the affectation of being gay and in fashion has very near eaten up our good sense, and our religion. Is there anything so just as that mode and gallantry should be built upon exerting ourselves in what is proper and agreeable to the institutions of justice and piety among us?

And yet is there anything more common, than that we run in perfect contradiction to them? All which is supported by no other pretension, than that it is done with what we call a good grace.

Nothing ought to be held laudable or becoming, but what nature itself should prompt us to think so. Respect to all kind of superiors is founded, I think, upon instinct; and yet what is so ridiculous as age! I make this abrupt transition to the mention of this vice, more than any other, in order to introduce a little story, which I think a pretty instance that the most polite age is in danger of being the most vicious.

"It happened at Athens, during a public representation of some play exhibited in honor of the commonwealth, that an old gentleman came too late for a place suitable to his age and quality.[7] Many of the young gentlemen, who observed the difficulty and confusion he was in, made signs to him that they would accommodate him if he came where they sat. The good man bustled through the crowd accordingly; but when he came to the seats to which he was invited, the jest was to sit close and expose him, as he stood, out of countenance, to the whole audience. The frolic went round the Athenian benches. But on those occasions there were also particular places assigned for foreigners. When the good man skulked towards the boxes appointed for the Lacedæmonians,[8] that honest

people, more virtuous than polite, rose up all to a man, and with the greatest respect received him among them. The Athenians being suddenly touched with a sense of the Spartan virtue and their own degeneracy, gave a thunder of applause; and the old man cried out, 'The Athenians understand what is good, but the Lacedæmonians practice it.'"

No. 4. Sir Roger at the Club

SPECTATOR No. 34. *Monday, April* 9, 1711

Cognatis maculis similis fera[1] ——— parcit
Juv. Sat. xv. 159.

THE club of which I am a member, is very luckily composed of such persons as are engaged in different ways of life, and deputed as it were out of the most conspicuous classes of mankind. By this means I am furnished with the greatest variety of hints and materials, and know everything that passes in the different quarters and divisions, not only of this great city, but of the whole kingdom. My readers too have the satisfaction to find that there is no rank or degree among them who have not their representative in this club, and that there is always somebody present who will take care of their respective interests, that nothing may be written or published to the prejudice or infringement of their just rights and privileges.

I last night sat very late in company with this select body of friends, who entertained me with several remarks which they and others had made upon these my speculations, as also with the various success which they had met with among their several ranks and degrees of readers. Will Honeycomb told me, in the softest [2] manner he could, that there were some ladies (but for your comfort, says Will, they are not those of the most wit) that were offended at the liberties I had taken with the opera and the puppet-show; [3] that some of them were likewise very much surprised, that I should think such serious points as the dress and equipage [4] of persons of quality, proper subjects for raillery.

He was going on, when Sir Andrew Freeport took him up short, and told him that the papers he hinted at, had done great good in the city, and that all their wives and daughters were the better for them; and further added, that the whole city thought themselves very much obliged to me for declaring my generous intentions to scourge vice and folly as they appear in a multitude, without condescending to be a publisher of particular intrigues and cuckoldoms. "In short," says Sir Andrew, "if you avoid that foolish beaten road of falling upon aldermen and citizens, and employ your pen upon the vanity and luxury of courts, your paper must needs be of general use."

Upon this my friend the Templar [5] told Sir An-

drew, that he wondered to hear a man of his sense talk after that manner; that the city had always been the province for satire; and that the wits of King Charles's time jested upon nothing else during his whole reign. He then showed, by the examples of Horace,[7] Juvenal,[8] Boileau,[9] and the best writers of every age, that the follies of the stage and court had never been accounted too sacred for ridicule, how great soever the persons might be that patronized them. "But after all," says he, "I think your raillery has made too great an excursion, in attacking several persons of the Inns of court; and I do not believe you can show me any precedent for your behavior in that particular."

My good friend Sir Roger de Coverley, who had said nothing all this while, began his speech with a Pish! and told us, that he wondered to see so many men of sense so very serious upon fooleries. "Let our good friend," says he, "attack every one that deserves it; I would only advise you, Mr. Spectator," applying himself to me, "to take care how you meddle with country 'squires. They are the ornaments of the English nation; men of good heads and sound bodies! and, let me tell you, some of them take it ill of you, that you mention fox-hunters with so little respect."

Captain Sentry spoke very sparingly on this occasion. What he said was only to commend my prudence in not touching upon the army, and

advised me to continue to act discreetly in that point.

By this time I found every subject of my speculations was taken away from me, by one or other of the club: and began to think myself in the condition of the good man that had one wife who took a dislike to his gray hairs, and another to his black, till by their picking out what each of them had an aversion to, they left his head altogether bald and naked.

While I was thus musing with myself, my worthy friend the clergyman, who, very luckily for me, was at the club that night, undertook my cause. He told us, that he wondered any order of persons should think themselves too considerable to be advised. That it was not quality, but innocence, which exempted men from reproof. That vice and folly ought to be attacked wherever they could be met with, and especially when they were placed in high and conspicuous stations of life. He further added, that my paper would only serve to aggravate the pains of poverty, if it chiefly exposed those who are already depressed, and in some measure turned into ridicule, by the meanness of their conditions and circumstances. He afterward proceeded to take notice of the great use this paper might be of to the public, by reprehending those vices which are too trivial for the chastisement of the law, and too fantastical for the cognizance of the pulpit. He

then advised me to prosecute my undertaking with cheerfulness, and assured me, that whoever might be displeased with me, I should be approved by all those whose praises do honor to the persons on whom they are bestowed.

The whole club pay a particular deference to the discourse of this gentleman, and are drawn into what he says, as much by the candid ingenuous manner with which he delivers himself, as by the strength of argument and force of reason which he makes use of. Will Honeycomb immediately agreed that what he had said was right; and that, for his part, he would not insist upon the quarter which he had demanded for the ladies. Sir Andrew gave up the city with the same frankness. The Templar would not stand out, and was followed by Sir Roger and the Captain; who all agreed that I should be at liberty to carry the war into what quarter I pleased; provided I continued to combat with criminals in a body, and to assault the vice without hurting the person.

This debate, which was held for the good of mankind, put me in mind of that which the Roman triumvirate[3] were formerly engaged in for their destruction. Every man at first stood hard for his friend, till they found that by this means they should spoil their proscription; and at length, making a sacrifice of all their acquaintance and relations, furnished out a very decent execution.

Having thus taken my resolutions to march on boldly in the cause of virtue and good sense, and to annoy their adversaries in whatever degree or rank of men they may be found; I shall be deaf for the future to all the remonstrances that shall be made to me on this account. If Punch[10] grows extravagant, I shall reprimand him very freely: if the stage becomes a nursery of folly and impertinence, I shall not be afraid to animadvert upon it. In short, if I meet with anything in city, court, or country, that shocks modesty or good manners, I shall use my utmost endeavors to make an example of it. I must, however, entreat every particular person, who does me the honor to be a reader of this paper, never to think himself, or any of his friends, or enemies, aimed at in what is said: for I promise him, never to draw a faulty character which does not fit at least a thousand people; or to publish a single paper, that is not written in the spirit of benevolence, and with a love of mankind.

No. 5. A Lady's Library

SPECTATOR No. 37. *Thursday, April* 12. 1711

——— Non illa colo calathisve Minervæ
Fœmineas assueta manus ———[1]
Virg. Æn. vii. 805.

SOME months ago, my friend, Sir Roger being in the country, enclosed a letter to me, directed to a

certain lady whom I shall here call by the name of Leonora, and as it contained matters of consequence, desired me to deliver it to her with my own hand. Accordingly I waited upon her lady-ship pretty early in the morning, and was desired by her woman to walk into her lady's library,[2] till such time as she was in readiness to receive me. The very sound of a lady's library gave me a great curiosity to see it; and as it was some time before the lady came to me, I had an opportunity of turning over a great many of her books, which were ranged together in a very beautiful order. At the end of the folios (which were finely bound and gilt) were great jars of china,[3] placed one above another in a very noble piece of architecture. The quartos were separated from the octavos by a pile of smaller vessels which rose in a delightful pyramid. The octavos were bounded by tea-dishes of all shapes, colors, and sizes, which were so disposed on a wooden frame, that they looked like one continued pillar indented with the most agreeable strokes of sculpture, and stained with the greatest variety of dyes. That part of the library which was designed for the reception of plays and pamphlets and other loose papers, was enclosed in a kind of square, consisting of one of the prettiest grotesque works that I ever saw, and made up of scaramouches,[4] lions, monkeys, mandarins, trees, shells, and a thousand other odd figures in china ware. In the midst of the room was a small japan table, with

a quire of gilt paper upon it, and on the paper a silver snuff-box made in the shape of a little book. I found there were several other counterfeit books upon the upper shelves, which were carved in wood, and served only to fill up the numbers like fagots [5] in the muster of a regiment. I was wonderfully pleased with such a mixed kind of furniture, as seemed very suitable both to the lady and the scholar, and did not know at first whether I should fancy myself in a grotto, or in a library.

Upon my looking into the books, I found there were some few which the lady had bought for her own use, but that most of them had been got together, either because she had heard them praised, or because she had seen the authors of them. Among several that I examined, I very well remember these that follow:

Ogleby's Virgil.[6]
Dryden's Juvenal.[7]
Cassandra.[8]
Cleopatra.[8]
Astræa.[8]
Sir Isaac Newton's [9] Works.
The Grand Cyrus; [10] with a pin stuck in one of the middle leaves.
Pembroke's Arcadia.[11]
Locke [12] on Human Understanding; with a paper of patches [13] in it.

A Spelling Book.
A Dictionary for the explanation of hard words.
Sherlock [14] upon Death.
The fifteen Comforts of Matrimony.[15]
Sir William Temple's [16] Essays.
Father Malebranche's [17] Search after Truth, translated into English.
A Book of Novels.
The Academy of Compliments.
The Ladies' Calling.[18]
Tales in Verse, by Mr. Durfey;[19] bound in red leather, gilt on the back, and doubled down in several places.
All the Classic Authors in wood.
A set of Elzevirs [20] by the same hand.[21]
Clelia:[22] which opened of itself in the place that describes two lovers in a bower.
Baker's Chronicle.[23]
Advice to a Daughter.[24]
The New Atalantis,[25] with a Key to it.
Mr. Steele's Christian Hero.[26]
A Prayer-book: with a bottle of Hungary Water [27] by the side of it.
Dr. Sacheverell's Speech.[28]
Fielding's Trial.[29]
Seneca's [30] Morals.
Taylor's [31] Holy Living and Dying.
La Ferte's [32] Instructions for Country Dances.

I was taking a catalogue in my pocket-book of these, and several other authors, when Leonora entered, and upon my presenting her with a letter from the knight, told me, with an unspeakable grace, that she hoped Sir Roger was in good health: I answered Yes, for I hate long speeches, and after a bow or two retired.

Leonora was formerly a celebrated beauty, and is still a very lovely woman. She has been a widow for two or three years, and being unfortunate in her first marriage, has taken a resolution never to venture upon a second. She has no children to take care of, and leaves the management of her estate to my good friend Sir Roger. But as the mind naturally sinks into a kind of lethargy, and falls asleep, that is not agitated by some favorite pleasures and pursuits, Leonora has turned all the passions of her sex into a love of books and retirement. She converses chiefly with men (as she has often said herself), but it is only in their writings; and admits of very few male visitants,[33] except my friend Sir Roger, whom she hears with great pleasure, and without scandal. As her reading has lain very much among romances, it has given her a very particular turn of thinking, and discovers itself even in her house, her gardens, and her furniture. Sir Roger has entertained me an hour together with a description of her country seat, which is situated in a kind of wilderness, about an hundred miles distant

from London, and looks like a little enchanted palace. The rocks about her are shaped into artificial grottoes covered with woodbines and jasmines. The woods are cut into shady walks, twisted into bowers, and filled with cages of turtles.[51] The springs are made to run among pebbles, and by that means taught to murmur very agreeably. They are likewise collected into a beautiful lake that is inhabited by a couple of swans, and empties itself by a little rivulet which runs through a green meadow, and is known in the family by the name of "The Purling Stream." The knight likewise tells me, that this lady preserves her game better than any of the gentlemen in the country, not (says Sir Roger) that she sets so great a value upon her partridges and pheasants, as upon her larks and nightingales. For she says that every bird which is killed in her ground will spoil a concert, and that she shall certainly miss him the next year.

When I think how oddly this lady is improved by learning, I look upon her with a mixture of admiration and pity. Amidst these innocent entertainments which she has formed to herself, how much more valuable does she appear than those of her sex who employ themselves in diversions that are less reasonable though more in fashion? What improvements would a woman have made, who is so susceptible of impressions from what she reads, had she been guided to such books as have a ten-

dency to enlighten the understanding and rectify the passions, as well as to those which are of a little more use than to divert the imagination?

But the manner of a lady's employing herself usefully in reading shall be the subject of another paper, in which I design to recommend such particular books as may be proper for the improvement of the sex. And as this is a subject of a very nice nature, I shall desire my correspondents to give me their thoughts upon it.

No. 6. Sir Roger at his Country-House

SPECTATOR No. 106. *Monday, July 2,* 1711

> ——— Hinc tibi copia
> Manabit ad plenum, benigno
> Ruris honorum opulenta cornu.[1]
> *Hor.* Lib. 1. Od. **xvii. 14.**

HAVING often received an invitation from my friend Sir Roger de Coverley to pass away a month with him in the country, I last week accompanied him thither, and am settled with him for some time at his country-house, where I intend to form several of my ensuing speculations. Sir Roger, who is very well acquainted with my humor, lets me rise and go to bed when I please, dine at his own table or in my chamber, as I think fit, sit still and say nothing without bidding me be merry. When the gentlemen of the country come to see him, he only

shows me at a distance. As I have been walking in his fields I have observed them stealing a sight of me over a hedge, and have heard the knight desiring them not to let me see them, for that I hated to be stared at.

I am the more at ease in Sir Roger's family, because it consists of sober and staid persons; for as the knight is the best master in the world, he seldom changes his servants; and as he is beloved by all about him, his servants never care for leaving him: by this means his domestics are all in years, and grown old with their master. You would take his valet de chambre for his brother, his butler is gray-headed, his groom is one of the gravest men that I have ever seen, and his coachman has the looks of a privy counselor. You see the goodness of the master even in the old house-dog, and in a gray pad that is kept in the stable with great care and tenderness out of regard to his past services, though he has been useless for several years.

I could not but observe with a great deal of pleasure the joy that appeared in the countenances of these ancient domestics upon my friend's arrival at his country-seat. Some of them could not refrain from tears at the sight of their old master; every one of them pressed forward to do something for him, and seemed discouraged if they were not employed. At the same time the good old knight, with a mixture of the father and the master of the

family, tempered the inquiries after his own affairs with several kind questions relating to themselves. This humanity and good-nature engages everybody to him, so that when he is pleasant upon any of them, all his family are in good humor, and none so much as the person whom he diverts himself with: on the contrary, if he coughs, or betrays any infirmity of old age, it is easy for a stander-by to observe a secret concern in the looks of all his servants.

My worthy friend has put me under the particular care of his butler, who is a very prudent man, and, as well as the rest of his fellow-servants, wonderfully desirous of pleasing me, because they have often heard their master talk of me as of his particular friend.

My chief companion, when Sir Roger is diverting himself in the woods or the fields, is a very venerable man who is ever with Sir Roger, and has lived at his house in the nature of a chaplain above thirty years. This gentleman is a person of good sense and some learning, of a very regular life and obliging conversation: he heartily loves Sir Roger, and knows that he is very much in the old knight's esteem, so that he lives in the family rather as a relation than a dependent.

I have observed in several of my papers, that my friend Sir Roger, amidst all his good qualities, is something of a humorist; and that his virtues, as

well as imperfections, are as it were tinged by a certain extravagance, which makes them particularly his, and distinguishes them from those of other men. This cast of mind, as it is generally very innocent in itself, so it renders his conversation highly agreeable, and more delightful than the same degree of sense and virtue would appear in their common and ordinary colors. As I was walking with him last night, he asked me how I liked the good man whom I have just now mentioned? and without staying for my answer told me, that he was afraid of being insulted with Latin and Greek at his own table; for which reason he desired a particular friend of his at the university to find him out a clergyman rather of plain sense than much learning, of a good aspect, a clear voice, a sociable temper, and, if possible, a man that understood a little of back-gammon. "My friend," says Sir Roger, "found me out this gentleman, who, besides the endowments required of him, is, they tell me, a good scholar, though he does not show it. I have given him the parsonage of the parish; and because I know his value, have settled upon him a good annuity for life. If he out-lives me, he shall find that he was higher in my esteem than perhaps he thinks he is. He has now been with me thirty years, and though he does not know I have taken notice of it, has never in all that time asked anything of me for himself, though he is every day

soliciting me for something in behalf of one or other of my tenants his parishioners. There has not been a lawsuit in the parish since he has lived among them; if any dispute arises they apply themselves to him for the decision; if they do not acquiesce in his judgment, which I think never happened above once or twice at most, they appeal to me. At his first settling with me, I made him a present of all the good sermons which have been printed in English, and only begged of him that every Sunday he would pronounce one of them in the pulpit. Accordingly he has digested them into such a series, that they follow one another naturally, and make a continued system of practical divinity."

As Sir Roger was going on in his story, the gentleman we were talking of came up to us; and upon the knight's asking him who preached to-morrow (for it was Saturday night), told us the bishop of St. Asaph[2] in the morning, and Dr. South in the afternoon. He then showed us his list of preachers for the whole year, where I saw with a great deal of pleasure, archbishop Tillotson,[3] bishop Saunderson, Dr. Barrow, Dr. Calamy, with several living authors who have published discourses of practical divinity. I no sooner saw this venerable man in the pulpit, but I very much approved of my friend's insisting upon the qualifications of a good aspect and a clear voice; for I was so charmed with the gracefulness of his figure and delivery, as well as with the dis-

courses he pronounced, that I think I never passed any time more to my satisfaction. A sermon repeated after this manner, is like the composition of a poet in the mouth of a graceful actor.

I could heartily wish that more of our country clergy would follow this example; and instead of wasting their spirits in laborious compositions of their own, would endeavor after a handsome elocution, and all those other talents that are proper to enforce what has been penned by greater masters. This would not only be more easy to themselves, but more edifying to the people.

No. 7. Sir Roger's Servants

SPECTATOR No. 107. *Tuesday, July* 3, 1711

> Æsopo ingentem statuam posuere Attici,
> Servumque collocârunt æterna in basi,
> Patere honoris scirent ut cunctis viam.[1]
>
> *Phædr.* Ep. 1. 2.

THE reception, manner of attendance, undisturbed freedom and quiet, which I meet with here in the country, has confirmed me in the opinion I always had, that the general corruption of manners in servants is owing to the conduct of masters. The aspect of every one in the family carries so much satisfaction, that it appears he knows the happy lot which has befallen him in being a member of it. There is one particular which I have seldom seen

but at Sir Roger's; it is usual in all other places, that servants fly from the parts of the house through which their master is passing; on the contrary, here they industriously place themselves in his way; and it is on both sides, as it were, understood as a visit, when the servants appear without calling. This proceeds from the humane and equal temper of the man of the house, who also perfectly well knows how to enjoy a great estate, with such economy as ever to be much beforehand. This makes his own mind untroubled, and consequently unapt to vent peevish expressions, or give passionate or inconsistent orders to those about him. Thus respect and love go together; and a certain cheerfulness in performance of their duty is the particular distinction of the lower part of this family. When a servant is called before his master, he does not come with an expectation to hear himself rated for some trivial fault, threatened to be stripped, or used with any other unbecoming language, which mean masters often give to worthy servants; but it is often to know, what road he took that he came so readily back according to order; whether he passed by such a ground; if the old man who rents it is in good health; or whether he gave Sir Roger's love to him, or the like.

A man who preserves a respect founded on his benevolence to his dependents, lives rather like a prince than a master in his family; his orders are

received as favors rather than duties; and the distinction of approaching him is part of the reward for executing what is commanded by him.

There is another circumstance in which my friend exels in his management, which is the manner of rewarding his servants. He has ever been of opinion that giving his cast clothes to be worn by valets has a very ill effect upon little minds, and creates a silly sense of equality between the parties, in persons affected only with outward things. I have heard him often pleasant on this occasion, and describe a young gentleman abusing his man in that coat, which a month or two before was the most pleasing distinction he was conscious of in himself. He would turn his discourse still more pleasantly upon the bounties of the ladies in this kind; and I have heard him say he knew a fine woman, who distributed rewards and punishments in giving becoming or unbecoming dresses to her maids.

But my good friend is above these little instances of good will, in bestowing only trifles on his servants; a good servant to him is sure of having it in his choice very soon of being no servant at all. As I before observed, he is so good a husband,[2] and knows so thoroughly that the skill of the purse is the cardinal virtue of this life; I say, he knows so well that frugality is the support of generosity, that he can often spare a large fine[3] when a tenement falls,[4] and give that settlement to a good servant

who has a mind to go into the world, or make a stranger pay the fine to that servant, for his more comfortable maintenance, if he stays in his service.

A man of honor and generosity considers it would be miserable to himself to have no will but that of another, though it were of the best person breathing, and for that reason goes on as fast as he is able to put his servants into independent livelihoods. The greatest part of Sir Roger's estate is tenanted by persons who have served himself or his ancestors. It was to me extremely pleasant to observe the visitants from several parts to welcome his arrival into the country: and all the difference that I could take notice of between the late servants who came to see him, and those who stayed in the family, was that these latter were looked upon as finer gentlemen and better courtiers.

This manumission and placing them in a way of livelihood, I look upon as only what is due to a good servant; which encouragement will make his successor be as diligent, as humble, and as ready as he was. There is something wonderful in the narrowness of those minds, which can be pleased, and be barren of bounty to those who please them.

One might, on this occasion, recount the sense that great persons in all ages have had of the merit of their dependents, and the heroic services which men have done their masters in the extremity of their fortunes, and shown to their undone patrons,

that fortune was all the difference between them; but as I design this my speculation only as a gentle admonition to thankless masters, I shall not go out of the occurrences of common life but assert it as a general observation, that I never saw, but in Sir Roger's family, and one or two more, good servants treated as they ought to be. Sir Roger's kindness extends to their children's children, and this very morning he sent his coachman's grandson to prentice.[5] I shall conclude this paper with an account of a picture in his gallery, where there are many which will deserve my future observation.

At the very upper end of this handsome structure I saw the portraiture of two young men standing in a river, the one naked, the other in a livery. The person supported seemed half dead, but still so much alive as to show in his face exquisite joy and love towards the other. I thought the fainting figure resembled my friend Sir Roger; and looking at the butler who stood by me, for an account of it, he informed me that the person in the livery was a servant of Sir Roger's, who stood on the shore while his master was swimming, and observing him taken with some sudden illness and sink under water, jumped in and saved him. He told me Sir Roger took off the dress he was in[6] as soon as he came home and by a great bounty at that time, followed by his favor ever since, had made him master of that pretty seat which we saw at a distance as we

came to this house. I remembered indeed Sir Roger said, there lived a very worthy gentleman, to whom he was highly obliged, without mentioning anything further. Upon my looking a little dissatisfied at some part of the picture, my attendant informed me that it was against Sir Roger's will, and at the earnest request of the gentleman himself, that he was drawn in the habit in which he had saved his master.

No. 8. Will Wimble

SPECTATOR No. 108. *Wednesday, July* 4, 1711

Gratis anhelans, multa agendo nihil agens.[1]
Phædr. Fab. v. 1. 2.

As I was yesterday morning walking with Sir Roger before his house, a country-fellow brought him a huge fish, which, he told him, Mr. William Wimble had caught that very morning; and that he presented it with his service to him, and intended to come and dine with him. At the same time he delivered a letter, which my friend read to me as soon as the messenger left him.

"SIR ROGER,

"I desire you to accept of a jack, which is the best I have caught this season. I intend to come and stay with you a week, and see how the perch

bite in the Black river. I observed with some concern, the last time I saw you upon the bowling-green, that your whip wanted a lash to it; I will bring half a dozen with me that I twisted last week, which I hope will serve you all the time you are in the country. I have not been out of the saddle for six days last past, having been at Eton with Sir John's eldest son. He takes to his learning hugely.

"I am, Sir,

"Your humble servant,

"WILL WIMBLE."

This extraordinary letter, and message that accompanied it, made me very curious to know the character and quality of the gentleman who sent them; which I found to be as follows. – Will Wimble is younger brother to a baronet, and descended of the ancient family of the Wimbles. He is now between forty and fifty; but being bred to no business, and born to no estate, he generally lives with his elder brother as superintendent of his game. He hunts a pack of dogs better than any man in the country, and is very famous for finding out a hare. He is extremely well versed in all the little handicrafts of an idle man. He makes a May-fly to a miracle, and furnishes the whole country with angle-rods. As he is a good-natured officious fellow, and very much esteemed upon account of his family, he is a welcome guest at every house, and keeps up a

good correspondence among all the gentlemen about him. He carries a tulip root in his pocket from one to another, or exchanges a puppy between a couple of friends that live perhaps in the opposite sides of the county. Will is a particular favorite of all the young heirs, whom he frequently obliges with a net that he has weaved, or a setting-dog that he has made himself. He now and then presents a pair of garters of his own knitting to their mothers or sisters; and raises a great deal of mirth among them, by inquiring as often as he meets them "how they wear!" These gentleman-like manufactures and obliging little humors make Will the darling of the country.

Sir Roger was proceeding in the character of him, when he saw him make up to us with two or three hazel twigs in his hand that he had cut in Sir Roger's woods, as he came through them, in his way to the house. I was very much pleased to observe on one side the hearty and sincere welcome with which Sir Roger received him, and on the other, the secret joy which his guest discovered at sight of the good old knight. After the first salutes were over, Will desired Sir Roger to lend him one of his servants to carry a set of shuttle-cocks he had with him in a little box, to a lady that lived about a mile off, to whom it seems he had promised such a present for above this half year. Sir Roger's back was no sooner turned but honest Will began to tell

me of a large cock pheasant that he had sprung in one of the neighboring woods, with two or three other adventures of the same nature. Odd and uncommon characters are the game that I look for, and most delight in: for which reason I was as much pleased with the novelty of the person that talked to me, as he could be for his life with the springing of a pheasant, and therefore listened to him with more than ordinary attention.

In the midst of this discourse the bell rung to dinner, where the gentleman I have been speaking of had the pleasure of seeing the huge jack, he had caught, served up for the first dish in a most sumptuous manner. Upon our sitting down to it he gave us a long account how he had hooked it, played with it, foiled it, and at length drew it out upon the bank, with several other particulars that lasted all the first course. A dish of wild fowl that came afterwards furnished conversation for the rest of the dinner, which concluded with a late invention of Will's for improving the quail-pipe.[2]

Upon withdrawing into my room after dinner, I was secretly touched with compassion towards the honest gentleman that had dined with us; and could not but consider with a great deal of concern, how so good an heart and such busy hands were wholly employed in trifles; that so much humanity should be so little beneficial to others, and so much industry so little advantageous to himself. The same temper of mind and

application to affairs might have recommended him to the public esteem, and have raised his fortune in another station of life. What good to his country or himself might not a trader or a merchant have done with such useful though ordinary qualifications?

Will Wimble's is the case of many a younger brother of a great family, who had rather see their children starve like gentlemen, than thrive in a trade or profession that is beneath their quality. This humor fills several parts of Europe with pride and beggary. It is the happiness of a trading nation like ours, that the younger sons, though incapable of any liberal art or profession, may be placed in such a way of life, as may perhaps enable them to vie with the best of their family. Accordingly we find several citizens that were launched into the world with narrow fortunes, rising by an honest industry to greater estates than those of their elder brothers. It is not improbable but Will was formerly tried at divinity, law, or physic; and that finding his genius did not lie that way, his parents gave him up at length to his own inventions. But certainly, however improper he might have been for studies of a higher nature, he was perfectly well turned for the occupations of trade and commerce. As I think this is a point which cannot be too much inculcated, I shall desire my reader to compare what I have here written with what I have said in my twenty-first speculation.

No. 9. Sir Roger's Ancestors

SPECTATOR No. 109. *Thursday, July 5,* 1711

Abnormis sapiens———[1]
Hor. Lib. 2. Sat. ii. 3.

I WAS this morning walking in the gallery, when Sir Roger entered at the end opposite to me, and advancing towards me, said he was glad to meet me among his relations the De Coverleys, and hoped I liked the conversation of so much good company, who were as silent as myself. I knew he alluded to the pictures, and as he is a gentleman who does not a little value himself upon his ancient descent, I expected he would give me some account of them. We were now arrived at the upper end of the gallery, when the knight faced towards one of the pictures, and as we stood before it, he entered into the matter, after his blunt way of saying things, as they occur to his imagination, without regular introduction, or care to preserve the appearance of chain of thought.

"It is," said he, "worth while to consider the force of dress; and how the persons of one age differ from those of another, merely by that only. One may observe also, that the general fashion of one age has been followed by one particular set of people in another, and by them preserved from one generation to another. Thus the vast jetting coat

and small bonnet, which was the habit in Harry the Seventh's [2] time, is kept on in the yeomen of the guard; [3] not without a good and politic view, because they look a foot taller, and a foot and a half broader: besides, that the cap leaves the face expanded, and consequently more terrible, and fitter to stand at the entrance of palaces.

"This predecessor of ours you see is dressed after this manner, and his cheeks would be no larger than mine, were he in a hat as I am. He was the last man that won a prize in the Tilt-yard [4] (which is now a common street before Whitehall [5]). You see the broken lance that lies there by his right foot. He shivered that lance of his adversary all to pieces; and bearing himself, look you, sir, in this manner, at the same time he came within the target of the gentleman who rode against him, and taking him with incredible force before him on the pummel of his saddle, he in that manner rid the tournament over, with an air that showed he did it rather to perform the rule of the lists, than expose his enemy; however, it appeared he knew how to make use of a victory, and with a gentle trot he marched up to a gallery, where their mistress sat (for they were rivals), and let him down with laudable courtesy and pardonable insolence. I do not know but it might be exactly where the coffee-house [6] is now.

"You are to know this my ancestor was not only of a military genius, but fit also for the arts of

peace, for he played on the bass-viol as well as any gentleman at court; you see where his viol hangs by his basket-hilt sword. The action at the Tilt-yard you may be sure won the fair lady, who was a maid of honor, and the greatest beauty of her time; here she stands the next picture. You see, sir, my great great great grandmother has on the new-fashioned petticoat,[7] except that the modern is gathered at the waist; my grandmother appears as if she stood in a large drum, whereas the ladies now walk as if they were in a go-cart. For all this lady was bred at court, she became an excellent country-wife, she brought[8] ten children, and when I show you the library, you shall see in her own hand (allowing for the difference of the language) the best receipt now in England both for an hasty-pudding and a white-pot.[9]

"If you please to fall back a little, because it is necessary to look at the three next pictures at one view; these are three sisters. She on the right hand who is so very beautiful, died a maid; the next to her, still handsomer, had the same fate, against her will; this homely thing in the middle had both their portions added to her own, and was stolen by a neighboring gentleman, a man of stratagem and resolution, for he poisoned three mastiffs to come at her, and knocked down two deer-stealers in carrying her off. Misfortunes happen in all families. The theft of this romp, and so much money, was no

great matter to our estate. But the next heir that possessed it was this soft gentleman, whom you see there. Observe the small buttons, the little boots, the laces, the slashes about his clothes, and above all the posture he is drawn in (which to be sure was his own choosing), you see he sits with one hand on a desk writing and looking as it were another way, like an easy writer, or a sonnetteer. He was one of those that had too much wit to know how to live in the world; he was a man of no justice, but great good manners; he ruined everybody that had anything to do with him, but never said a rude thing in his life; the most indolent person in the world; he would sign a deed that passed away half his estate with his gloves on, but would not put on his hat before a lady if it were to save his country. He is said to be the first that made love by squeezing the hand. He left the estate with ten thousand pounds debt upon it; but however by all hands I have been informed that he was every way the finest gentleman in the world. That debt lay heavy on our house for one generation, but it was retrieved by a gift from that honest man you see there, a citizen of our name, but nothing at all akin to us. I know Sir Andrew Freeport has said behind my back, that this man was descended from one of the ten children of the maid of honor I showed you above; but it was never made out. We winked at the thing indeed, because money was wanting at that time."

Here I saw my friend a little embarrassed, and turned my face to the next protraiture.

Sir Roger went on with his account of the gallery in the following manner: "This man (pointing to him I looked at) I take to be the honor of our house, Sir Humphrey de Coverley: he was in his dealings as punctual as a tradesman, and as generous as a gentleman. He would have thought himself as much undone by breaking his word, as if it were to be followed by bankruptcy. He served his country as knight of the shire[10] to his dying day. He found it no easy matter to maintain an integrity in his words and actions, even in things that regarded the offices which were incumbent upon him, in the care of his own affairs and relations of life, and therefore dreaded (though he had great talents) to go into employments of state, where he must be exposed to the snares of ambition. Innocence of life and great ability were the distinguishing parts of his character; the latter, he had often observed, had led to the destruction of the former, and he used frequently to lament that great and good had not the same signification. He was an excellent husbandman,[11] but had resolved not to exceed such a[12] degree of wealth; all above it he bestowed in secret bounties many years after the sum he aimed at for his own use was attained. Yet he did not slacken his industry, but to a decent old age spent the life and fortune which was

superfluous to himself, in the service of his friends and neighbors."

Here we were called to dinner, and Sir Roger ended the discourse of this gentleman, by telling me, as we followed the servant, that this his ancestor was a brave man, and narrowly escaped being killed in the civil wars; "For," said he, "he was sent out of the field upon a private message, the day before the battle of Worcester."[13] The whim of narrowly escaping by having been within a day of danger, with other matters above-mentioned, mixed with good sense, left me at a loss whether I was more delighted with my friend's wisdom or simplicity.

No. 10. Ghosts

SPECTATOR No. 110. *Friday, July* 6, 1711

Horror ubique animos, simul ipsa silentia terrent.[1]
Virg. Æn. ii. 755.

AT a little distance from Sir Roger's house, among the ruins of an old abbey, there is a long walk of aged elms; which are shot up so very high, that when one passes under them, the rooks and crows that rest upon the tops of them seem to be cawing in another region. I am very much delighted with this sort of noise, which I consider as a kind of natural prayer to that Being who supplies the wants of his whole creation, and who, in the beautiful

language of the Psalms, reckon the young ravens that call upon him. I do not know whether this retirement the better, because of an ill report it lies under of being haunted: for which reason (as I have been told in the family) no living creature ever walks in it besides the chaplain. My good friend the butler desired me with a very grave face not to venture myself in it after sunset, for that one of the footmen had been almost frighted out of his wits by a spirit that appeared in it in the shape of a black horse without a head, to which he added, that about a month ago one of the maids coming home late that way with a pail of milk upon her head, heard such a rustling among the bushes that she let it fall.

I was taking a walk in this place last night between the hours of nine and ten, and could not but fancy it one of the most proper scenes in the world for a ghost to appear in. The ruins of the abbey are scattered up and down on every side, and half covered with ivy and elder bushes, the harbors of several solitary birds which seldom make their appearance till the dusk of the evening. The place was formerly a churchyard, and has still several marks in it of graves and burying-places. There is such an echo among the old ruins and vaults, that if you stamp but a little louder than ordinary, you hear the sound repeated. At the same time the walk of elms, with the cawing of the ravens which from time to time are heard from the tops of them,

looks exceeding solemn and venerable. These objects naturally raise seriousness and attention; and when night heightens the awfulness of the place, and pours out her supernumerary horrors upon everything in it, I do not at all wonder that weak minds fill it with specters and apparitions.

Mr. Locke,[3] in his chapter of the Association of Ideas, has very curious remarks to show how, by the prejudice of education, one idea often introduces into the mind a whole set that bear no resemblance to one another in the nature of things. Among several examples of this kind, he produces the following instance: "The ideas of goblins and sprites have really no more to do with darkness than light: yet let but a foolish maid inculcate these often on the mind of a child, and raise them there together, possibly he shall never be able to separate them again so long as he lives; but darkness shall ever afterwards bring with it those frightful ideas, and they shall be so joined, that he can no more bear the one than the other."

As I was walking in this solitude, where the dusk of the evening conspired with so many other occasions of terror, I observed a cow grazing not far from me, which an imagination that was apt to startle might easily have construed into a black horse without an head: and I dare say the poor footman lost his wits upon some such trivial occasion.

My friend Sir Roger has often told me with a

great deal of mirth, that at his first coming to his estate he found three parts of his house altogether useless; that the best room in it had the reputation of being haunted, and by that means was locked up; that noises had been heard in his long gallery, so that he could not get a servant to enter it after eight o'clock at night; that the door of one of his chambers was nailed up, because there went a story in the family that a butler had formerly hanged himself in it; and that his mother, who lived to a great age, had shut up half the rooms in the house, in which either her husband, a son, or daughter had died. The knight seeing his habitation reduced to so small a compass, and himself in a manner shut out of his own house, upon the death of his mother ordered all the apartments to be flung open, and exorcised by his chaplain, who lay in every room one after another, and by that means dissipated the fears which had so long reigned in the family.

I should not have been thus particular upon these ridiculous horrors, did not I find them so very much prevail in all parts of the country. At the same time I think a person who is thus terrified with the imagination of ghosts and spectres much more reasonable than one who, contrary to the reports of all historians, sacred and profane, ancient and modern, and to the traditions of all nations, thinks the appearance of spirits fabulous and groundless. Could not I give myself up to this general testimony

of mankind, I should to the relations of particular persons who are now living, and whom I cannot distrust in other matters of fact. I might here add, that not only the historians, to whom we may join the poets, but likewise the philosophers of antiquity, have favored this opinion. Lucretius[4] himself, though by the course of his philosophy he was obliged to maintain that the soul did not exist separate from the body, makes no doubt of the reality of apparitions, and that men have often appeared after their death. This I think very remarkable: he was so pressed with the matter of fact, which he could not have the confidence to deny, that he was forced to account for it by one of the most absurd unphilosophical notions that was ever started. He tells us, that the surfaces of all bodies are perpetually flying off from their respective bodies, one after another; and that these surfaces or thin cases that included each other whilst they were joined in the body like the coats of an onion, are sometimes seen entire when they are separated from it; by which means we often behold the shapes and shadows of persons who are either dead or absent.

I shall dismiss this paper with a story out of Josephus,[5] not so much for the sake of the story itself as for the moral reflections with which the author concludes it, and which I shall here set down in his own words. "Glaphyra, the daughter of

king Archelaus, after the death of her two first husbands being married to a third, who was brother to her last husband, and so passionately in love with her, that he turned off his former wife to make room for this marriage, had a very odd kind of dream. She fancied that she saw her first husband coming towards her, and that she embraced him with great tenderness; when in the midst of the pleasure which she expressed at the sight of him, he reproached her after the following manner: 'Glaphyra,' says he, 'thou hast made good the old saying that women are not to be trusted. Was not I the husband of thy virginity? Have I not children by thee? How couldst thou forget our loves so far as to enter into a second marriage, and after that into a third? However, for the sake of our passed loves, I shall free thee from thy present reproach, and make thee mine for ever.' Glaphyra told this dream to several women of her acquaintance, and died soon after. I thought this story might not be impertinent in this place, wherein I speak of those kings. Besides that, the example deserves to be taken notice of, as it contains a most certain proof of the immortality of the soul, and of Divine Providence. If any man thinks these facts incredible, let him enjoy his own opinion to himself, but let him not endeavor to disturb the belief of others, who by instances of this nature are excited to the study of virtue."

No. 11. A Sunday in the Country

SPECTATOR No. 112. *Monday, July* 9, 1711

'Αθανάτους μὲν πρῶτα θεοὺς, νόμῳ ὡς διάκειται,
Τιμᾷ ————

Pythag.

I AM always very well pleased with a country Sunday, and think, if keeping holy the seventh day were only a human institution, it would be the best method that could have been thought of for the polishing and civilizing of mankind. It is certain the country people would soon degenerate into a kind of savages and barbarians, were there not such frequent returns of a stated time, in which the whole village meet together with their best faces, and in their cleanliest habits, to converse with one another upon indifferent subjects, hear their duties explained to them, and join together in adoration of the Supreme Being. Sunday clears away the rust of the whole week, not only as it refreshes in their minds the notions of religion, but as it puts both the sexes upon appearing in their most agreeable forms, and exerting all such qualities as are apt to give them a figure in the eye of the village. A country fellow distinguishes himself as much in the churchyard, as a citizen does upon the 'Change, the whole parish-politics being generally discussed in that place either after sermon or before the bell rings.

My friend Sir Roger, being a good churchman, has beautified the inside of his church with several texts of his own choosing. He has likewise given a handsome pulpit-cloth, and railed in the communion-table at his own expense. He has often told me, that at his coming into his estate he found his parishioners very irregular; and that in order to make them kneel and join in the responses, he gave every one of them a hassock and a common-prayer-book; and at the same time employed an itinerant singing-master, who goes about the country for that purpose, to instruct them rightly in the tunes of the Psalms; upon which they now very much value themselves, and indeed outdo most of the country churches that I have ever heard.

As Sir Roger is landlord to the whole congregation, he keeps them in very good order, and will suffer nobody to sleep in it besides himself; for if by chance he has been surprised into a short nap at sermon, upon recovering out of it he stands up and looks about him, and if he sees anybody else nodding, either wakes them himself, or sends his servants to them. Several other of the old knight's particularities break out upon these occasions. Sometimes he will be lengthening out a verse in the singing Psalms, half a minute after the rest of the congregation have done with it; sometimes when he is pleased with the matter of his devotion, he pronounces "Amen" three or four times to the same

prayer; and sometimes stands up when everybody else is upon their knees, to count the congregation, or see if any of his tenants are missing.

I was yesterday very much surprised to hear my old friend, in the midst of the service calling out to one John Matthews to mind what he was about, and not disturb the congregation. This John Matthews it seems is remarkable for being an idle fellow, and at that time was kicking his heels for his diversion. This authority of the knight, though exerted in that odd manner, which accompanies him in all circumstances of life, has a very good effect upon the parish, who are not polite enough to see anything ridiculous in his behavior; besides that the general good sense and worthiness of his character make his friends observe these little singularities as foils that rather set off than blemish his good qualities.

As soon as the sermon is finished, nobody presumes to stir till Sir Roger is gone out of the church. The knight walks down from his seat in the chancel between a double row of his tenants, that stand bowing to him on each side: and every now and then inquires how such a one's wife, or mother, or son, or father do, whom he does not see at church; which is understood as a secret reprimand to the person that is absent.

The chaplain has often told me, that upon a catechising day, when Sir Roger has been pleased

with a boy that answers well, he has ordered a Bible to be given him next day for his encouragement; and sometimes accompanies it with a flitch of bacon to his mother. Sir Roger has likewise added five pounds a year to the clerk's place; and that he may encourage the young fellows to make themselves perfect in the church-service, has promised upon the death of the present incumbent, who is very old, to bestow it according to merit.

The fair understanding between Sir Roger and his chaplain, and their mutual concurrence in doing good, is the more remarkable, because the very next village is famous for the differences and contentions that rise between the parson and the 'squire, who live in a perpetual state of war. The parson is always preaching at the 'squire; and the 'squire, to be revenged on the parson, never comes to church. The 'squire has made all his tenants atheists and tithe-stealers; while the parson instructs them every Sunday in the dignity of his order, and insinuates to them, in almost every sermon, that he is a better man than his patron. In short, matters are come to such an extremity, that the 'squire has not said his prayers either in public or private this half year; and that the parson threatens him, if he does not mend his manners, to pray for him in the face of the whole congregation.

Feuds of this nature, though too frequent in the country, are very fatal to the ordinary people; who

are so used to be dazzled with riches, that they pay as much deference to the understanding of a man of an estate, as of a man of learning; and are very hardly brought to regard any truth, how important soever it may be, that is preached to them, when they know there are several men of five hundred a year who do not believe it.

No. 12. Sir Roger and the Widow

SPECTATOR No. 113. *Tuesday, July* 10, 1711

——— Hærent infixi pectore vultus.[1]
Virg. Æn. iv. 4.

IN my first description of the company in which I pass most of my time, it may be remembered, that I mentioned a great affliction which my friend Sir Roger had met with in his youth; which was no less than a disappointment in love. It happened this evening, that we fell into a very pleasing walk at a distance from his house. As soon as we came into it, "It is," quoth the good old man, looking round him with a smile, "very hard, that any part of my land should be settled upon one who has used me so ill as the perverse widow did; and yet I am sure I could not see a sprig of any bough of this whole walk of trees, but I should reflect upon her and her severity. She has certainly the finest hand of any woman in the world. You are to know, this was the place wherein I used to muse

upon her; and by that custom I can never come into it, but the same tender sentiments revive in my mind, as if I had actually walked with that beautiful creature under these shades. I have been fool enough to carve her name on the bark of several of these trees; so unhappy is the condition of men in love, to attempt the removing of their passion by the methods which serve only to imprint it deeper. She has certainly the finest hand of any woman in the world."

Here followed a profound silence; and I was not displeased to observe my friend falling so naturally into a discourse, which I had ever before taken notice he industriously avoided. — After a very long pause, he entered upon an account of this great circumstance in his life, with an air which I thought raised my idea of him above what I had ever had before; and gave me the picture of that cheerful mind of his, before it received that stroke which has ever since affected his words and actions. But he went on as follows.

"I came to my estate in my twenty-second year, and resolved to follow the steps of the most worthy of my ancestors who have inhabited this spot of earth before me, in all the methods of hospitality and good neighborhood, for the sake of my fame; and in country sports and recreations, for the sake of my health. In my twenty-third year I was obliged to serve as sheriff of the county; and in my

servants, officers, and whole equipage, indulged the pleasure of a young man (who did not think ill of his own person) in taking that public occasion of showing my figure and behavior to advantage. You may easily imagine to yourself what appearance I made, who am pretty tall, rid well, and was very well dressed, at the head of a whole county, with music before me, a feather in my hat, and my horse well bitted. I can assure you, I was not a little pleased with the kind looks and glances I had from all the balconies and windows as I rode to the hall where the assizes[2] were held. But when I came there, a beautiful creature, in a widow's habit, sat in court to hear the event of a cause concerning her dower. This commanding creature (who was born for the destruction of all who behold her) put on such a resignation in her countenance, and bore the whispers of all around the court with such a pretty uneasiness, I warrant you, and then recovered herself from one eye to another, until she was perfectly confused by meeting something so wistful in all she encountered, that at last, with a murrain to her,[3] she cast her bewitching eye upon me. I no sooner met it but I bowed like a great surprised booby; and knowing her cause was to be the first which came on, I cried, like a great captivated calf as I was, 'Make way for the defendant's witnesses.' This sudden partiality made all the county immediately see the sheriff also was become a slave to

the fine widow. During the time her cause was upon trial, she behaved herself, I warrant you, with such a deep attention to her business, took opportunities to have little billets handed to her counsel, then would be in such a pretty confusion, occasioned, you must know, by acting before so much company, that not only I but the whole court was prejudiced in her favor: and all that the next heir to her husband had to urge, was thought so groundless and frivolous, that when it came to her counsel to reply, there was not half so much said as every one besides in the court thought he could have urged to her advantage. You must understand, sir, this perverse woman is one of those unaccountable creatures that secretly rejoice in the admiration of men, but indulge themselves in no farther consequences. Hence it is that she has ever had a train of admirers, and she removes from her slaves in town to those in the country, according to the seasons of the year. She is a reading lady, and far gone in the pleasures of friendship. She is always accompanied by a confidant, who is witness to her daily protestations against our sex, and consequently a bar to her first steps towards love, upon the strength of her own maxims and declarations.

"However, I must needs say, this accomplished mistress of mine has distinguished me above the rest, and has been known to declare Sir Roger De Coverley was the tamest and most humane of all

the brutes in the country. I was told she said so by one who thought he rallied me; but upon the strength of this slender encouragement of being thought least detestable, I made new liveries, new-paired my coach-horses, sent them all to town to be bitted, and taught to throw their legs well, and move all together, before I pretended to cross the country, and wait upon her. As soon as I thought my retinue suitable to the character of my fortune and youth, I set out from hence to make my addresses. The particular skill of this lady has ever been to inflame your wishes, and yet command respect. To make her mistress of this art, she has a greater share of knowledge, wit, and good sense, than is usual even among men of merit. Then she is beautiful beyond the race of women. If you will not let her go on with a certain artifice with her eyes, and the skill of beauty, she will arm herself with her real charms, and strike you with admiration instead of desire. It is certain that if you were to behold the whole woman, there is that dignity in her aspect, that composure in her motion, that complacency in her manner, that if her form makes you hope, her merit makes you fear. But then again, she is such a desperate scholar, that no country gentleman can approach her without being a jest. As I was going to tell you, when I came to her house, I was admitted to her presence with great civility; at the same time she placed herself

to be first seen by me in such an attitude, as I think you call the posture of a picture, that she discovered new charms, and I at last came over-against her with such an awe as made me speechless. This she no sooner observed but she made her advantage of it, and began a discourse to me concerning love and honor, as they both are followed by pretenders, and the real votaries to them. When she discussed these points in a discourse, which I verily believe was as learned as the best philosopher in Europe could possibly make, she asked me whether she was so happy as to fall in with my sentiments on these important particulars. Her confidant sat by her, and upon my bowing in the last confusion and silence, this malicious old hag of hers turning to her, says, 'I am very glad to observe Sir Roger pauses upon this subject, and seems resolved to deliver all his sentiments upon the matter when he pleases to speak.' They both kept their countenances, and after I had sat half an hour meditating how to behave before such profound casuists, I rose up and took my leave. Chance has since that time thrown me very often in her way, and she as often directed a discourse to me which I do not understand. This barbarity has kept me ever at a distance from the most beautiful object my eyes ever beheld. It is thus also she deals with all mankind, and you must make love to her, as you would conquer the sphinx,[1] by posing her. But were she like other women, and

that there were any talking to her, how constant must the pleasure of that man be, who could converse with a creature — But, after all, you may be sure her heart is fixed on some one or other; and yet I have been credibly informed; but who can believe half that is said! after she had done speaking to me, she put her hand to her bosom, and adjusted her tucker. Then she cast her eyes a little down, upon my beholding her too earnestly. They say she sings excellently: her voice in her ordinary speech has something in it inexpressibly sweet. You must know I dined with her at a public table the day after I first saw her, and she helped me to some tansy[1] in the eye of all the gentlemen in the country. She has certainly the finest hand of any woman in the world. I can assure you, sir, were you to behold her, you would be in the same condition; for as for speech it is music, her form is angelic. But I find I grow irregular while I am talking of her: but indeed it would be stupidity to be unconcerned at such perfection. Oh, the excellent creature! she is as inimitable to all women, as she is inaccessible to all men."

I found my friend begin to rave, and insensibly led him towards the house, that we might be joined by some other company; and am convinced that the widow is the secret cause of all that inconsistency which appears in some parts of my friend's behaviour: though he has so much command of himself as not

directly to mention her, yet according to that of Martial,[6] which one knows not how to render in to English, *Dum tacet hanc loquitur.*[7] I shall end this paper with that whole epigram,[8] which represents with much humor my honest friend's condition:

> Quicquid agit Rufus, nihil est, nisi Nævia Rufo,
> Si gaudet, si flet, si tacet, hanc loquitur:
> Cœnat, propinat, poscit, negat, annuit, una est
> Nævia; si non sit Nævia, mutus erit.
> Scriberit hesternâ patri cùm luce salutem,
> Nævia lux, inquit, Nævia numen, ave.
>
> *Epig.* 69. 1. i.

> "Let Rufus weep, rejoice, stand, sit, or walk,
> Still he can nothing but of Nævia talk;
> Let him eat, drink, ask questions, or dispute,
> Still he must speak of Nævia, or be mute.
> He writ to his father, ending with this line,
> I am, my lovely Nævia, ever thine."

No. 13. Economy

SPECTATOR No. 114. *Wednesday, July* 11, 1711

> ——Paupertatis pudor et fuga——[1]
> *Hor.* Lib. 1. Ep. xviii. 24.

ECONOMY in our affairs has the same effect upon our fortunes which good breeding has upon our conversation. There is a pretending behavior in both cases, which instead of making men esteemed, renders them both miserable and contemptible. We had yesterday, at Sir Roger's, a set of country gentlemen who dined with him; and after dinner the glass was taken, by those who pleased, pretty plen-

tifully. Among others I observed a person of a tolerable good aspect, who seemed to be more greedy of liquor than any of the company, and yet methought he did not taste it with delight. As he grew warm, he was suspicious of everything that was said, and as he advanced towards being fuddled, his humor grew worse. At the same time his bitterness seemed to be rather an inward dissatisfaction in his own mind, than any dislike he had taken to the company. Upon hearing his name, I knew him to be a gentleman of a considerable fortune in this county, but greatly in debt. What gives the unhappy man this peevishness of spirit is, that his estate is dipped,[2] and is eating out with usury;[3] and yet he has not the heart to sell any part of it. His proud stomach,[4] at the cost of restless nights, constant inquietudes, danger of affronts, and a thousand nameless inconveniences, preserves this canker in his fortune, rather than it shall be said he is a man of fewer hundreds a year than he has been commonly reputed. Thus he endures the torment of poverty, to avoid the name of being less rich. If you go to his house, you see great plenty; but served in a manner that shows it is all unnatural, and that the master's mind is not at home. There is a certain waste and carelessness in the air of everything, and the whole appears but a covered indigence, a magnificent poverty. That neatness and cheerfulness which attends the table of him who lives within

compass, is wanting, and exchanged for a libertine[5] way of service in all about him.

This gentleman's conduct, though a very common way of management, is as ridiculous as that officer's would be, who had but few men under his command, and should take the charge of an extent of country rather than of a small pass. To pay for, personate, and keep in a man's hands, a greater estate than he really has, is of all others the most unpardonable vanity, and must in the end reduce the man who is guilty of it to dishonor. Yet if we look round us in any county of Great Britain, we shall see many in this fatal error; if that may be called by so soft a name, which proceeds from a false shame of appearing what they really are, when the contrary behavior would in a short time advance them to the condition which they pretend to.

Laertes has fifteen hundred pounds a year, which is mortgaged for six thousand pounds; but it is impossible to convince him, that if he sold as much as would pay off that debt, he would save four shillings in the pound,[6] which he gives for the vanity of being the reputed master of it. Yet if Laertes did this, he would perhaps be easier in his own fortune; but then Irus, a fellow of yesterday, who has but twelve hundred a year, would be his equal. Rather than this shall be, Laertes goes on to bring well-born beggars into the world, and every twelvemonth charges his es-

tate with at least one year's rent more by the birth of a child.

Laertes and Irus are neighbors, whose way of living are an abomination to each other. Irus is moved by the fear of poverty, and Laertes by the shame of it. Though the motive of action is of so near affinity in both, and may be resolved into this, "that to each of them poverty is the greatest of all evils," yet are their manners very widely different. Shame or poverty makes Laertes launch into unnecessary equipage, vain expense, and lavish entertainments. Fear of poverty makes Irus allow himself only plain necessaries, appear without a servant, sell his own corn, attend his laborers, and be himself a laborer. Shame of poverty makes Laertes go every day a step nearer to it: and fear of poverty stirs up Irus to make every day some further progress from it.

These different motives produce the excesses which men are guilty of in the negligence of and provision for themselves. Usury, stock-jobbing, extortion, and oppression, have their seed in the dread of want; and vanity, riot, and prodigality, from the shame of it: but both these excesses are infinitely below the pursuit of a reasonable creature. After we have taken care to command so much as is necessary for maintaining ourselves in the order of men suitable to our character, the care of superfluities is a vice no less extravagant, than the neglect of necessaries would have been before.

Certain it is, that they are both out of nature,[7] when she is followed with reason and good sense. It is from this reflection that I always read Mr. Cowley[8] with the greatest pleasure. His magnanimity is as much above that of other considerable men, as his understanding: and it is a true distinguishing spirit in the elegant author[9] who published his works, to dwell so much upon the temper of his mind and the moderation of his desires. By this means he rendered his friend as amiable as famous. That state of life which bears the face of poverty with Mr. Cowley's great vulgar,[10] is accurately described; and it is no small satisfaction to those of the same turn of desire, that he produces the authority of the wisest men of the best age of the world, to strengthen his opinion of the ordinary pursuits of mankind.

It would methinks be no ill maxim of life, if, according to that ancestor of Sir Roger, whom I lately mentioned, every man would point to himself what sum he would resolve not to exceed. He might by this means cheat himself into a tranquility on this side of that expectation, or convert what he should get above it to nobler uses than his own pleasures or necessities. This temper of mind would exempt a man from an ignorant envy of restless men above him, and a more inexcusable contempt of happy men below him. This would be sailing by some compass, living with some design; but to

be eternally bewildered in prospects of future gain, and putting on unnecessary armor against improbable blows of fortune, is a mechanic being which has not good sense for its direction, but is carried on by a sort of acquired instinct towards things below our consideration, and unworthy our esteem. It is possible that the tranquility I now enjoy at Sir Roger's may have created in me this way of thinking, which is so abstracted from the common relish of the world: but as I am now in a pleasing arbor, surrounded with a beautiful landscape, I find no inclination so strong as to continue in these mansions, so remote from the ostentatious scenes of life: and am at this present writing philosopher enough to conclude with Mr. Cowley, —

> If e'er ambition did my fancy cheat,
> With any wish so mean as to be great;
> Continue, Heav'n, still from me to remove
> The humble blessings of that life I love.

No. 14. Bodily Exercise

SPECTATOR No. 115. *Thursday, July* 12, 1711

> ——— Ut sit mens sana in corpore sano.[1]
> *Juv.* Sat. x. 356.

BODILY labor is of two kinds, either that which a man submits to for his livelihood, or that which he undergoes for his pleasure. The latter of them generally changes the name of labor for that of

exercise, but differs only from ordinary labor as it rises from another motive.

A country life abounds in both these kinds of labor, and for that reason gives a man a greater stock of health, and consequently a more perfect enjoyment of himself, than any other way of life. I consider the body as a system of tubes and glands, or, to use a more rustic phrase, a bundle of pipes and strainers, fitted to one another after so wonderful a manner as to make a proper engine for the soul to work with. This description does not only comprehend the bowels, bones, tendons, veins, nerves, and arteries, but every muscle and every ligature, which is a composition of fibres, that are so many imperceptible tubes or pipes interwoven on all sides with invisible glands or strainers.

This general idea of a human body, without considering it in its niceties of anatomy, lets us see how absolutely necessary labor is for the right preservation of it. There must be frequent motions and agitations, to mix, digest, and separate the juices contained in it, as well as to clear and cleanse that infinitude of pipes and strainers of which it is composed, and to give their solid parts a more firm and lasting tone. Labor or exercise ferments the humours, conducts them into their proper channels, throws off redundancies, and helps nature in those secret distributions, without which the body cannot subsist in its vigor, nor the soul act with cheerfulness.

I might here mention the effects which this has upon all the faculties of the mind, by keeping the understanding clear, the imagination untroubled, and refining those spirits that are necessary for the proper exertion of our intellectual faculties, during the present laws of union between soul and body. It is to a neglect in this particular that we must ascribe the spleen, which is so frequent in men of studious and sedentary tempers, as well as the vapors to which those of the other sex are so often subject.

Had not exercise been absolutely necessary for our well-being, nature would not have made the body so proper for it, by giving such an activity to the limbs, and such a pliancy to every part as necessarily produce those compressions, extensions, contortions, dilatations, and all other kinds of motions that are necessary for the preservation of such a system of tubes and glands as has been before mentioned. And that we might not want inducements to engage us in such an exercise of the body as is proper for its welfare, it is so ordered that nothing valuable can be procured without it. Not to mention riches and honor, even food and raiment are not to be come at without the toil of the hands and sweat of the brows. Providence furnishes materials, but expects that we should work them up ourselves. The earth must be labored before it gives its increase, and when it is forced into its

several products, how many hands must they pass through before they are fit for use! Manufactures, trade, and agriculture, naturally employ more than nineteen parts of the species in twenty; and as for those who are not obliged to labor, by the condition in which they are born, they are more miserable than the rest of mankind, unless they indulge themselves in that voluntary labor which goes by the name of exercise.

My friend Sir Roger has been an indefatigable man in business of this kind, and has hung several parts of his house with the trophies of his former labors. The walls of his great hall are covered with the horns of several kinds of deer that he has killed in the chase, which he thinks the most valuable furniture of his house, as they afford him frequent topics of discourse, and show that he has not been idle. At the lower end of the hall is a large otter's skin stuffed with hay, which his mother ordered to be hung up in that manner, and the knight looks upon it with great satisfaction, because it seems he was but nine years old when his dog killed him. A little room adjoining to the hall is a kind of arsenal filled with guns of several sizes and inventions, with which the knight has made great havoc in the woods, and destroyed many thousands of pheasants, partridges, and woodcocks. His stable-doors are patched with nags that belonged to foxes of the knight's own hunting down. Sir Roger

showed me one of them that for distinction sake has a brass nail struck through it, which cost him about fifteen hours' riding, carried him through half a dozen counties, killed him a brace of geldings, and lost above half his dogs. This the knight looks upon as one of the greatest exploits of his life. The perverse widow, whom I have given some account of, was the death of several foxes; for Sir Roger has told me that in the course of his amours he patched the western door of his stable. Whenever the widow was cruel, the foxes were sure to pay for it. In proportion as his passion for the widow abated, and old age came on, he left off fox-hunting; but a hare is not yet safe that sits within ten miles of his house.

There is no kind of exercise which I would so recommend to my readers of both sexes as this of riding, as there is none which so much conduces to health, and is every way accommodated to the body, according to the idea which I have given of it. Doctor Sydenham[2] is very lavish in its praises; and if the English reader will see the mechanical effects of it described at length, he may find them in a book published not many years since under the title of *Medicina Gymnastica*.[3] For my own part, when I am in town, for want of these opportunities, I exercise myself an hour every morning upon a dumb-bell that is placed in a corner of my room, and it pleases me the more because it does every-

thing I require of it in the most profound silence. My landlady and her daughters are so well acquainted with my hours of exercise, that they never come into my room to disturb me whilst I am ringing.

When I was some years younger than I am at present, I used to employ myself in a more laborious diversion, which I learned from a Latin treatise of exercises that is written with a great deal of erudition[1]: it is there called the *exercise*, or the fighting with a man's own shadow, and consists in the brandishing of two short sticks grasped in each hand, and loaded with plugs of lead at either end. This opens the chest, exercises the limbs, and gives a man all the pleasure of boxing, without the blows. I could wish that several learned men would lay out that time which they employ in controversies and disputes about nothing, in this method of fighting with their own shadows. It might conduce very much to evaporate the spleen, which makes them uneasy to the public as well as to themselves.

To conclude, — As I am a compound of soul and body, I consider myself as obliged to a double scheme of duties; and think I have not fulfilled the business of the day when I do not thus employ the one in labor and exercise, as well as the other in study and contemplation.

No. 15. Sir Roger Hunting[1]

SPECTATOR No. 116. *Friday, July* 13, 1711

———Vocat ingenti clamore Cithæron,
Taygetique canes ——— [2]
Virg. Georg. iii. 43.

THOSE who have searched into human nature observe, that nothing so much shows the nobleness of the soul, as that its felicity consists in action. Every man has such an active principle in him, that he will find out something to employ himself upon, in whatever place or state of life he is posted. I have heard of a gentleman who was under close confinement in the Bastile[3] seven years; during which time he amused himself in scattering a few small pins about his chamber, gathering them up again, and placing them in different figures on the arm of a great chair. He often told his friends afterwards, that unless he had found out this piece of exercise, he verily believed he should have lost his senses.

After what has been said, I need not inform my readers, that Sir Roger, with whose character I hope they are at present pretty well acquainted, has in his youth gone through the whole course of those rural diversions which the country abounds in; and which seem to be extremely well suited to that laborious industry a man may observe here in

a far greater degree than in towns and cities. I have before hinted at some of my friend's exploits: he has in his youthful days taken forty coveys of partridges in a season; and tired many a salmon with a line consisting but of a single hair. The constant thanks and good wishes of the neighborhood always attended him, on account of his remarkable enmity towards foxes; having destroyed more of those vermin in one year, than it was thought the whole country could have produced. Indeed the knight does not scruple to own among his most intimate friends, that in order to establish his reputation this way, he has secretly sent for great numbers of them out of other counties, which he used to turn loose about the country by night, that he might the better signalize himself in their destruction the next day. His hunting horses were the finest and best managed in all these parts. His tenants are still full of the praises of a gray stone-horse [4] that unhappily staked himself several years since, and was buried with great solemnity in the orchard.

Sir Roger, being at present too old for fox-hunting, to keep himself in action, has disposed of his beagles and got a pack of stop-hounds.[5] What these want in speed, he endeavors to make amends for by the deepness of their mouths and the variety of their notes, which are suited in such manner to each other, that the whole cry makes up a complete

concert.[8] He is so nice in this particular, that a gentleman having made him a present of a very fine hound the other day, the knight returned it by the servant with a great many expressions of civility; but desired him to tell his master, that the dog he had sent was indeed a most excellent bass, but that at present he only wanted a counter-tenor.[7] Could I believe my friend had ever read Shakspere, I should certainly conclude he had taken the hint from Theseus in the Midsummer Night's Dream:

> "My hounds are bred out of the Spartan kind,
> So flew'd, so sanded;[9] and their heads are hung
> With ears that sweep away the morning dew.
> Crook-knee'd and dew-lapp'd[10] like Thessalian bulls,
> Slow in pursuit, but match'd in mouths like bells,
> Each under each. A cry more tunable
> Was never hallooʼd to, nor cheer'd with horn."[11]

Sir Roger is so keen at this sport, that he has been out almost every day since I came down; and upon the chaplain's offering to lend me his easy pad, I was prevailed on yesterday morning to make one of the company. I was extremely pleased, as we rid along, to observe the general benevolence of all the neighborhood towards my friend. The farmer's sons thought themselves happy if they could open a gate for the good old knight as he passed by; which he generally requited with a nod or a smile, and a kind inquiry after their fathers or uncles.

After we had rid about a mile from home, we

came upon a large heath, and the sportsmen began to beat. They had done so for some time, when, as I was at a little distance from the rest of the company, I saw a hare pop out from a small furze-brake almost under my horse's feet. I marked the way she took, which I endeavored to make the company sensible of by extending my arm; but to no purpose, till Sir Roger, who knows that none of my extraordinary motions are insignificant, rode up to me, and asked me if puss was gone that way? Upon my answering yes, he immediately called in the dogs, and put them upon the scent. As they were going off, I heard one of the country-fellows muttering to his companion, "That 'twas a wonder they had not lost all their sport, for want of the silent gentleman's crying, Stole away."

This, with my aversion to leaping hedges, made me withdraw to a rising ground, from whence I could have the pleasure of the whole chase, without the fatigue of keeping in with the hounds. The hare immediately threw them above a mile behind her; but I was pleased to find, that instead of running straight forwards, or in hunter's language, "flying the country," as I was afraid she might have done, she wheeled about, and described a sort of circle round the hill where I had taken my station, in such a manner as gave me a very distinct view of the sport. I could see her first pass by, and the dogs some time afterwards unraveling the whole

track she had made, and following her through all her doubles. I was at the same time delighted in observing that deference which the rest of the pack paid to each particular hound, according to the character he had acquired among them. If they were at a fault, and an old hound of reputation opened but once, he was immediately followed by the whole cry; while a raw dog, or one who was a noted liar, might have yelped his heart out, without being taken notice of.

The hare now, after having squatted two or three times, and been put up again as often, came still nearer to the place where she was at first started. The dogs pursued her, and these were followed by the jolly knight, who rode upon a white gelding, encompassed by his tenants and servants, and cheering his hounds with all the gayety of five-and-twenty. One of the sportsmen rode up to me, and told me, that he was sure the chase was almost at an end, because the old dogs, which had hitherto lain behind, now headed the pack. The fellow was in the right. Our hare took a large field just under us, followed by the full cry in view. I must confess the brightness of the weather, the cheerfulness of everything around me, the chiding of the hounds, which was returned upon us in a double echo from two neighboring hills, with the hallooing of the sportsmen, and the sounding of the horn, lifted my spirits into a most lively pleasure, which I freely

indulged because I was sure it was innocent. If I was under any concern, it was on the account of the poor hare, that was now quite spent, and almost within the reach of her enemies: when the huntsman getting forward, threw down his pole[12] before the dogs. They were now within eight yards of that game which they had been pursuing for almost as many hours; yet on the signal before mentioned they all made a sudden stand, and though they continued opening as much as before, durst not once attempt to pass beyond the pole. At the same time Sir Roger rode forward, and alighting, took up the hare in his arms; which he soon after delivered up to one of his servants with an order, if she could be kept alive, to let her go in his great orchard: where it seems he has several of these prisoners of war, who live together in a very comfortable captivity. I was highly pleased to see the discipline of the pack, and the goodnature of the knight, who could not find in his heart to murder a creature that had given him so much diversion.

As we were returning home, I remembered that Monsieur Paschal,[13] in his most excellent discourse on the Misery of Man, tells us, that all our endeavors after greatness proceed from nothing but a desire of being surrounded by a multitude of persons and affairs that may hinder us from looking into ourselves, which is a view we cannot bear. He afterwards goes on to show that our love of sports comes

from the same reason, and is particularly severe upon hunting. "What," says he, "unless it be to drown thought, can make them throw away so much time and pains upon a silly animal, which they might buy cheaper in the market?" The foregoing reflection is certainly just, when a man suffers his whole mind to be drawn into his sports, and altogether loses himself in the woods; but does not affect those who propose a far more laudable end from this exercise, I mean the preservation of health, and keeping all the organs of the soul in a condition to execute her orders. Had that incomparable person, whom I last quoted, been a little more indulgent to himself in this point, the world might probably have enjoyed him much longer; whereas through too great an application to his studies in his youth, he contracted that ill habit of body, which, after a tedious sickness, carried him off in the fortieth year of his age; and the whole history we have of his life till that time, is but one continued account of the behavior of a noble soul struggling under innumerable pains and distempers.

For my own part, I intend to hunt twice a week during my stay with Sir Roger; and shall prescribe the moderate use of this exercise to all my country friends, as the best kind of physic for mending a bad constitution, and preserving a good one.

I cannot do this better, than in the following lines [14] out of Mr. Dryden:

"The first physicians by debauch were made;
Excess began, and Sloth sustains the trade.
By chase our long-liv'd fathers earn'd their food;
Toil strung the nerves, and purify'd the blood;
But we their sons, a pamper'd race of men,
Are dwindled down to threescore years and ten.
Better to hunt in fields for health unbought,
Than fee the doctor for a nauseous draught,
The wise for cure on exercise depend;
God never made his work for man to mend."

No. 16. On Witchcraft

SPECTATOR No. 117. *Saturday, July* 14, 1711

——Ipsi sibi somnia fingunt.
Virg. Ecl. viii. 108.[1]

THERE are some opinions in which a man should stand neuter, without engaging his assent to one side or the other. Such a hovering faith as this, which refuses to settle upon any determination, is absolutely necessary in a mind that is careful to avoid errors and prepossessions. When the arguments press equally on both sides in matters that are indifferent to us, the safest method is to give up ourselves to neither.

It is with this temper of mind that I consider the subject of witchcraft. When I hear the relations that are made from all parts of the world, not only from Norway and Lapland, from the East and West Indies, but from every particular nation in Europe, I cannot forbear thinking that there is such an

intercourse and commerce with evil spirits, as that which we express by the name of witchcraft. But when I consider that the ignorant and credulous parts of the world abound most in these relations, and that the persons among us, who are supposed to engage in such an infernal commerce, are people of a weak understanding and crazed imagination, and at the same time reflect upon the many impostures and delusions of this nature that have been detected in all ages, I endeavor to suspend my belief till I hear more certain accounts than any which have yet come to my knowledge. In short, when I consider the question, whether there are such persons in the world as those we call witches, my mind is divided between the two opposite opinions, or rather (to speak my thoughts freely) I believe in general that there is, and has been such a thing as witchcraft; but at the same time can give no credit to any particular instance of it.

I am engaged in this speculation, by some occurrences that I met with yesterday, which I shall give my reader an account of at large. As I was walking with my friend Sir Roger by the side of one of his woods, an old woman applied herself to me for my charity. Her dress and figure put me in mind of the following description in Otway:

"In a close lane as I pursu'd my journey,
I spy'd a wrinkled hag, with age grown double,
Picking dry sticks, and mumbling to herself.

> Her eyes with scalding rheum were gall'd and red;
> Cold palsy shook her head; her hands seem'd wither'd;
> And on her crooked shoulders had she wrapt
> The tatter'd remnant of an old striped hanging,
> Which served to keep her carcase from the cold
> So there was nothing of a piece about her.
> Her lower weeds were all o'er coarsely patch'd
> With diff'rent colour'd rags, black, red, white, yellow,
> And seem'd to speak variety of wretchedness."[2]

As I was musing on this description, and comparing it with the object before me, the knight told me, that this very old woman had the reputation of a witch all over the country, that her lips were observed to be always in motion, and that there was not a switch about her house which her neighbors did not believe had carried her several hundreds of miles. If she chanced to stumble, they always found sticks or straws that lay in the figure of a cross before her. If she made any mistake at church, and cried Amen in a wrong place, they never failed to conclude that she was saying her prayers backwards. There was not a maid in the parish that would take a pin of her, though she should offer a bag of money with it. She goes by the name of Moll White, and has made the country ring with several imaginary exploits which are palmed upon her. If the dairy-maid does not make her butter come so soon as she would have it, Moll White is at the bottom of the churn. If a horse sweats in the stable, Moll White has been upon his back. If a hare makes an unexpected

escape from the hounds, the huntsman curses Moll White. "Nay," says Sir Roger, "I have known the master of the pack, upon such an occasion, send one of his servants to see if Moll White had been out that morning."

This account raised my curiosity so far that I begged my friend Sir Roger to go with me into her hovel, which stood in a solitary corner under the side of the wood. Upon our first entering, Sir Roger winked to me, and pointed at something that stood behind the door, which upon looking that way, I found to be an old broom-staff. At the same time he whispered me in the ear to take notice of a tabby cat that sate in the chimney corner, which, as the old knight told me, lay under as bad a report as Moll White herself; for besides that Moll is said often to accompany her in the same shape, the cat is reported to have spoken twice or thrice in her life, and to have played several pranks above the capacity of an ordinary cat.

I was secretly concerned to see human nature in so much wretchedness and disgrace, but at the same time could not forbear smiling to hear Sir Roger, who is a little puzzled about the old woman, advising her as a justice of peace to avoid all communication with the devil, and never to hurt any of her neighbors' cattle. We concluded our visit with a bounty, which was very acceptable.

In our return home Sir Roger told me, that old

Moll had been often brought before him for making children spit pins, and giving maids the nightmare; and that the country people would be tossing her into a pond and trying experiments with her every day, if it was not for him and his chaplain.

I have since found upon inquiry, that Sir Roger was several times staggered with the reports that had been brought him concerning this old woman, and would frequently have bound her over to the county sessions, had not his chaplain with much ado persuaded him to the contrary.

I have been the more particular in this account, because I hear there is scarce a village in England that has not a Moll White in it. When an old woman begins to doat, and grow chargeable to a parish, she is generally turned into a witch, and fills the whole country with extravagant fancies, imaginary distempers, and terrifying dreams. In the meantime, the poor wretch that is the innocent occasion of so many evils, begins to be frighted at herself, and sometimes confesses secret commerces and familiarities that her imagination forms in a delirious old age. This frequently cuts off charity from the greatest objects of compassion, and inspires people with a malevolence towards those poor decrepit parts of our species in whom human nature is defaced by infirmity and dotage.

No. 17. Sir Roger in Love

SPECTATOR No. 118. *Monday, July* 16, 1711

——Hæret lateri lethalis arundo.[1]
Virg. Æn. iv. 73.

THIS agreeable seat is surrounded with so many pleasing walks, which are struck out of a wood, in the midst of which the house stands, that one can hardly ever be weary of rambling from one labyrinth of delight to another. To one used to live in a city the charms of the country are so exquisite, that the mind is lost in a certain transport which raises us above ordinary life, and yet is not strong enough to be inconsistent with tranquility. This state of mind was I in, ravished with the murmur of waters, the whisper of breezes, the singing of birds; and whether I looked up to the heavens, down on the earth, or turned to the prospects around me, still struck with new sense of pleasure; when I found by the voice of my friend, who walked by me, that we had insensibly strolled into the grove sacred to the widow. "This woman," says he, "is of all others the most unintelligible; she either designs to marry, or she does not. What is the most perplexing of all is, that she does not either say to her lovers she has any resolution against that condition of life in general, or that she banishes them; but, conscious of her own merit, she permits their addresses, with-

out fear of any ill consequence, or want of respect, from their rage or despair. She has that in her aspect, against which it is impossible to offend. A man whose thoughts are constantly bent upon so agreeable an object, must be excused if the ordinary occurrences in conversation are below his attention. I call her indeed perverse, but alas! Why do I call her so? Because her superior merit is such, that I cannot approach her without awe, that my heart is checked by too much esteem: I own among friends that her charms are not more accessible, that I am more inclined to worship than salute[2] her. How often have I wished her unhappy, that I might have an opportunity of serving her? and how often troubled in that very imagination, at giving her the pain of being obliged? Well, I have led a miserable life in secret upon her account; but fancy she would have condescended to have some regard for me, if it had not been for that watchful animal, her confidant.

"Of all persons under the sun" continued he, calling me by name), "be sure to set a mark upon confidants: they are of all people the most impertinent. What is most pleasant to observe in them, is, that they assume to themselves the merit of the person whom they have in their custody. Orestilla is a great fortune, and in wonderful danger of surprises, therefore full of suspicions of the least indifferent thing, particularly careful of new ac-

quaintance, and of growing too familiar with the old. Thomasin, her favorite woman, is every whit as careful of whom she speaks to, and what she says. Let the ward be a beauty, her confidant shall treat you with an air of distance; let her be a fortune, and she assumes the suspicious behavior of her friend and patroness. Thus it is that very many of our unmarried women of distinction are to all intents and purposes married, except the consideration of different sexes. They are directly under the conduct of their whisperers, and think they are in a state of freedom, while they can prate with one of those attendants of all men in general, and still avoid the man they most like. You do not see one heiress in a hundred whose fate does not turn upon this circumstance of choosing a confident. Thus it is that the lady is addressed to, presented, and flattered, only by proxy, in her woman. In my case, how is it possible that ——" Sir Roger was proceeding in his harangue, when we heard the voice of one speaking very importunately, and repeating these words, "What, not one smile?" We followed the sound till we came close to a thicket, on the other side of which we saw a young woman sitting as it were in a personated sullenness just over a transparent fountain. Opposite to her stood Mr. William, Sir Roger's master of the game. The knight whispered me, "Hist, these are lovers." The huntsman looking earnestly

at the shadow of the young maiden in the stream "Oh thou dear picture, if thou could-st remain there in the absence of that fair creature whom you represent in the water, how willingly could I stand here satisfied forever without troubling my dear Betty herself with any mention of her unfortunate William, whom she is angry with! But alas! when she pleases to be gone, thou wilt also vanish —— Yet let me talk to thee while thou dost stay Tell my dearest Betty thou dost not more depend upon her, than does her William: her absence will make away with me as well as thee. If she offers to remove thee, I will jump into these waves to lay hold on thee, herself, her own dear person, I must never embrace again —Still do you hear me without one smile It is too much to bear." — He had no sooner spoke these words, but he made an offer of throwing himself into the water: at which his mistress started up and at the next instant he jumped across the fountain, and met her in an embrace. She, half recovering from her fright, said in the most charming voice imaginable and with a tone of complaint, "I thought how will you would drown yourself. No no, you will not drown yourself till you have taken your leave of Susan Holiday." The huntsman, with a tenderness that spoke the most passionate love, and with his cheek close to hers, whispered the softest vows of fidelity in her ear, and cried, "Do not my dear, believe a word

Kate Willow says; she is spiteful, and makes stories, because she loves to hear me talk to herself for your sake" — "Look you there," quoth Sir Roger, "do you see there, all mischief comes from confidants! But let us not interrupt them; the maid is honest, and the man dares not be otherwise, for he knows I loved her father: I will interpose in this matter, and hasten the wedding. Kate Willow is a witty mischievous wench in the neighborhood, who was a beauty, and makes me hope I shall see the perverse widow in her condition. She was so flippant with her answers to all the honest fellows that came near her, and so very vain of her beauty, that she has valued herself upon her charms till they are ceased. She therefore now makes it her business to prevent other young women from being more discreet than she was herself: however, the saucy thing said, the other day, well enough, 'Sir Roger and I must make a match, for we are both despised by those we loved.' The hussy has a great deal of power wherever she comes, and has her share of cunning.

"However, when I reflect upon this woman, I do not know whether in the main I am the worse for having loved her, whenever she is recalled to my imagination my youth returns, and I feel a forgotten warmth in my veins. This affliction in my life has streaked all my conduct with a softness, of which I should otherwise have been incapable It

is owing, perhaps to this dear image in my heart that I am apt to relent, that I easily forgive, and that many desirable things are grown into my temper which I should not have arrived at by better motives than the thought of being one day hers. I am pretty well satisfied such a passion as I have had is never well cured; and between you and me, I am often apt to imagine it has had some whimsical effect upon my brain: for I frequently find that in my most serious discourse I let fall some conceal familiarity of speech, or odd phrase that makes the company laugh. However, I cannot but allow she is a most excellent woman. When she is in the country, I warrant she does not run into dairies, but reads upon the nature of plants: she has a glass beehive, and comes into the garden out of books to see them work, and observe the policies of their commonwealth. She understands everything. I would give ten pounds to hear her argue with my friend Sir Andrew Freeport about trade. No no for all she looks so innocent as it were, take my word for it she is no fool."

No. 18. Town and Country Manners

SPECTATOR No. 119. *Tuesday, July* 17, 1711

> Urbem quam dicunt Romam, Melibœe, putavi
> Stultus ego huic nostræ similem ———
> *Virg.* Ecl. i. 20.

THE first and most obvious reflections which arise in a man who changes the city for the country, are upon the different manners of the people whom he meets with in those two different scenes of life. By manners I do not mean morals, but behavior and good-breeding, as they show themselves in the town and in the country.

And here, in the first place, I must observe a very great revolution that has happened in this article of good-breeding. Several obliging deferences, condescensions, and submissions, with many outward forms and ceremonies that accompany them, were first of all brought up among the politer part of mankind, who lived in courts and cities, and distinguished themselves from the rustic part of the species (who on all occasions acted bluntly and naturally) by such a mutual complaisance and intercourse of civilities. These forms of conversation by degrees multiplied and grew troublesome; the modish world found too great a constraint in them, and have therefore thrown most of them aside. Conversation, like the Romish religion, was so en-

cumbered with show and ceremony, that it stood in need of a reformation to retrench its superfluities, and restore it to its natural good sense and beauty. At present therefore an unconstrained carriage, and a certain openness of behavior, are the height of good-breeding. The fashionable world is grown free and easy; our manners sit more loose upon us. Nothing is so modish as an agreeable negligence. In a word, good-breeding shows itself most, where to an ordinary eye it appears the least.

If after this we look on the people of mode in the country, we find in them the manners of the last age. They have no sooner fetched themselves up to the fashions of the polite world, but the town has dropped them, and are nearer to the first state of nature than to those refinements which formerly reigned in the court, and still prevail in the country. One may now know a man that never conversed in the world, by his excess of good-breeding. A polite country 'squire shall make you as many bows in half an hour, as would serve a courtier for a week. There is infinitely more to do about place and precedency in a meeting of justices' wives, than in an assembly of duchesses.

This rural politeness is very troublesome to a man of my temper, who generally take the chair that is next me, and walk first or last, in the front or in the rear, as chance directs. I have known my friend Sir Roger's dinner almost cold before the

company could adjust the ceremonial, and be prevailed upon to sit down; and have heartily pitied my old friend, when I have seen him forced to pick and cull his guests, as they sat at the several parts of his table, that he might drink their healths according to their respective ranks and qualities. Honest Will Wimble, who I should have thought had been altogether uninfected with ceremony, gives me abundance of trouble in this particular. Though he has been fishing all the morning, he will not help himself at dinner until I am served. When we are going out of the hall, he runs behind me; and last night, as we were walking in the fields, stopped short at a stile until I came up to it, and upon my making signs to him to get over, told me with a serious smile, that sure I believed they had no manners in the country.

There has happened another revolution in the point of good-breeding, which relates to the conversation among men of mode, and which I cannot but look upon as very extraordinary. It was certainly one of the first distinctions of a well-bred man to express everything that had the most remote appearance of being obscene, in modest terms and distant phrases; whilst the clown, who had no such delicacy of conception and expression, clothed his ideas in those plain homely terms that are the most obvious and natural. This kind of good manners was perhaps carried to an excess, so as to make

conversation too stiff, formal, and precise: for which reason (as hypocrisy in one age is generally succeeded by atheism in another) conversation is in a great measure relapsed into the first extreme; so that at present several of our men of the town, and particularly those who have been polished in France, make use of the most coarse uncivilized words in our language, and utter themselves often in such a manner as a clown would blush to hear.

This infamous piece of good-breeding, which reigns among the coxcombs of the town, has not yet made its way into the country; and as it is impossible for such an irrational way of conversation to last long among a people that make any profession of religion, or show of modesty, if the country gentlemen get into it, they will certainly be left in the lurch. Their good-breeding will come too late to them, and they will be thought a parcel of lewd clowns, while they fancy themselves talking together like men of wit and pleasure.

As the two points of good breeding, which I have hitherto insisted upon, regard behavior and conversation, there is a third which turns upon dress. In this too the country are very much behind-hand. The rural beaus are not yet got out of the fashion that took place at the time of the Revolution, but ride about the country in red coats and laced[3] hats, while the women in many parts are still trying to outvie one another in the height of their headdresses.

But a friend of mine, who is now upon the western circuit,[4] having promised to give me an account of the several modes and fashions that prevail in the different parts of the nation through which he passes, I shall defer the enlarging upon this last topic till I have received a letter from him, which I expect every post.

No. 19. Sir Roger's Poultry

SPECTATOR No. 120. *Wednesday, July* 18, 1711

> —— Equidem credo, quia sit divinitus illis
> Ingenium ———
>
> *Virg.* Georg. i. 451.

My friend Sir Roger is very often merry with me upon my passing so much of my time among his poultry. He has caught me twice or thrice looking after a bird's-nest, and several times sitting an hour or two together near a hen and chickens. He tells me he believes I am personally acquainted with every fowl about his house; calls such a particular cock my favorite; and frequently complains that his ducks and geese have more of my company than himself.

I must confess I am infinitely delighted with those speculations of nature which are to be made in a country life; and as my reading has very much lain among books of natural history, I cannot forbear recollecting upon this occasion the several remarks

which I have met with in authors, and comparing them with what falls under my own observation: the arguments for Providence drawn from the natural history of animals being in my opinion demonstrative.

The make of every kind of animal is different from that of every other kind; and yet there is not the least turn in the muscles or twist on the fibers of any one, which does not render them more proper for that particular animal's way of life than any other cast or texture of them would have been.

The most violent appetites in all creatures are lust and hunger. The first is a perpetual call upon them to propagate their kind; the latter to preserve themselves.

It is astonishing to consider the different degrees of care that descend from the parent to the young, so far as is absolutely necessary for the leaving a posterity. Some creatures cast their eggs as chance directs them, and think of them no farther; as insects and several kinds of fish. Others, of a nicer frame,[2] find out proper beds to deposit them in and there leave them; as the serpent, the crocodile, and ostrich: others hatch their eggs and tend the birth, until it is able to shift for itself.

What can we call the principle which directs every different kind of bird to observe a particular plan in the structure of its nest, and directs all the same species to work after the same model? It

cannot be imitation; for though you hatch a crow under a hen, and never let it see any of the works of its own kind, the nest it makes shall be the same, to the laying of a stick, with all the other nests of the same species. It cannot be reason; for were animals endowed with it to as great a degree as man, their buildings would be as different as ours, according to the different conveniences that they would propose to themselves.

Is it not remarkable that the same temper of weather, which raises this genial warmth in animals, should cover the trees with leaves, and the fields with grass, for their security and concealment, and produce such infinite swarms of insects for the support and sustenance of their respective broods?

Is it not wonderful that the love of the parent should be so violent while it lasts, and that it should last no longer than is necessary for the preservation of the young?

The violence of this natural love is exemplified by a very barbarous experiment; which I shall quote at length, as I find it in an excellent author, and hope my readers will pardon the mentioning such an instance of cruelty, because there is nothing can so effectually show the strength of that principle in animals of which I am here speaking. "A person who was well skilled in dissections opened a bitch, and as she lay in the most exquisite tortures, offered her one of her young puppies, which she imme-

diately fell a licking; and for the time seemed insensible of her own pain. On the removal, she kept her eyes fixed on it, and began a wailing sort of cry, which seemed rather to proceed from the loss of her young one, than the sense of her own torments."

But notwithstanding this natural love in brutes is much more violent and intense than in rational creatures, Providence has taken care that it should be no longer troublesome to the parent than it is useful to the young; for so soon as the wants of the latter cease, the mother withdraws her fondness, and leaves them to provide for themselves; and what is a very remarkable circumstance in this part of instinct, we find that the love of the parent may be lengthened out beyond its usual time, if the preservation of the species requires it: as we may see in birds that drive away their young as soon as they are able to get their livelihood, but continue to feed them if they are tied to the nest, or confined within a cage, or by any other means appear to be out of a condition of supplying their own necessities.

This natural love is not observed in animals to ascend from the young to the parent, which is not at all necessary for the continuance of the species; nor indeed in reasonable creatures does it rise in any proportion, as it spreads itself downward; for in all family affection, we find protection granted

and favors bestowed, are greater motives to love and tenderness, than safety, benefits, or life received.

One would wonder to hear sceptical men disputing for the reason of animals, and telling us it is only our pride and prejudices that will not allow them the use of that faculty.

Reason shows itself in all occurrences of life; whereas the brute makes no discovery of such a talent, but in what immediately regards his own preservation or the continuance of his species. Animals in their generation are wiser than the sons of men; but their wisdom is confined to a few particulars, and lies in a very narrow compass. Take a brute out of his instinct, and you find him wholly deprived of understanding. To use an instance that comes often under observation:

With what caution does the hen provide herself a nest in places unfrequented, and free from noise and disturbance! When she has laid her eggs in such a manner that she can cover them, what care does she take in turning them frequently that all parts may partake of the vital warmth! When she leaves them, to provide for her necessary sustenance, how punctually does she return before they have time to cool, and become incapable of producing an animal! In the summer you see her giving herself greater freedoms, and quitting her care for above two hours together; but in winter, when the rigor of the season would chill the principles of life, and

destroy the young one, she grows more assiduous in her attendance, and stays away but half the time. When the birth approaches, with how much nicety and attention does she help the chick to break its prison! not to take notice of her covering it from the injuries of the weather, providing it proper nourishment, and teaching it to help itself; nor to mention her forsaking the nest, if after the usual time of reckoning the young one does not make its appearance. A chemical operation could not be followed with greater art or diligence than is seen in the hatching of a chick; though there are many other birds that show an infinitely greater sagacity in all the forementioned particulars.

But at the same time the hen, that has all this seeming ingenuity (which is indeed absolutely necessary for the propagation of the species), considered in other respects, is without the least glimmering of thought or common sense. She mistakes a piece of chalk for an egg, and sits upon it in the same manner. She is insensible of any increase or diminution in the number of those she lays. She does not distinguish between her own and those of another species; and when the birth appears of never so different a bird, will cherish it for her own. In all these circumstances, which do not carry an immediate regard to the subsistence of herself or her species, she is a very idiot.

There is not, in my opinion, anything more

mysterious in nature than this instinct in animals, which thus rises above reason, and falls infinitely short of it. It cannot be accounted for by any properties in matter, and at the same time works after so odd a manner, that one cannot think it the faculty of an intellectual being. For my own part, I look upon it as upon the principle of gravitation in bodies, which is not to be explained by any known qualities inherent in the bodies themselves, nor from the laws of mechanism, but, according to the best notions of the greatest philosophers, is an immediate impression from the first mover, and the divine energy acting in the creatures.

No. 20. Instinct in Animals

SPECTATOR No. 121. *Thursday, July* 19, 1711

——— Jovis omnia plena.[1]

Virg. Ecl. iii. 60.

As I was walking this morning in the great yard that belongs to my friend's country house, I was wonderfully pleased to see the different workings of instinct in a hen followed by a brood of ducks. The young upon the sight of a pond, immediately ran into it; while the step-mother, with all imaginable anxiety, hovered about the borders of it, to call them out of an element that appeared to her so dangerous and destructive. As the different prin-

ciple which acted in those different animals cannot be termed reason, so when we call it instinct, we mean something we have no knowledge of. To me, as I hinted in my last paper, it seems the immediate direction of Providence, and such an operation of the Supreme Being, as that which determines all the portions of matter to their proper centers. A modern philosopher, quoted by Monsieur Bayle[2] in his learned Dissertation on the Souls of Brutes, delivers the same opinion, though in a bolder form of words, where he says, *Deus est anima bratorum*, — "God himself is the soul of brutes." Who can tell what to call that seeming sagacity in animals, which directs them to such food as is proper for them, and makes them naturally avoid whatever is noxious or unwholesome? Tully has observed that a lamb no sooner falls from its mother, but immediately and of its own accord it applies itself to the teat. Dampier,[3] in his Travels, tells us, that when seamen are thrown upon any of the unknown coasts of America, they never venture upon the fruit of any tree, how tempting soever it may appear, unless they observe that it is marked with the pecking of birds; but fall on without any fear or apprehension where the birds have been before them.

But notwithstanding animals have nothing like the use of reason, we find in them all the lower parts of our nature, the passions and senses, in their greatest strength and perfection. And here it is

worth our observation, that all beasts and birds of prey are wonderfully subject to anger, malice, revenge, and all the other violent passions that may animate them in search of their proper food; as those that are incapable of defending themselves, or annoying others, or whose safety lies chiefly in their flight, are suspicious, fearful, and apprehensive of everything they see or hear; whilst others, that are of assistance and use to man, have their natures softened with something mild and tractable, and by that means are qualified for a domestic life. In this case the passions generally correspond with the make of the body. We do not find the fury of a lion in so weak and defenceless an animal as a lamb; nor the meekness of a lamb in a creature so armed for battle and assault as the lion. In the same manner, we find that particular animals have a more or less exquisite sharpness and sagacity in those particular senses which most turn to their advantage, and in which their safety and welfare is the most concerned.

Nor must we here omit that great variety of arms with which nature has differently fortified the bodies of several kinds of animals, such as claws, hoofs, horns, teeth, and tusks, a tail, a sting, a trunk, or a proboscis. It is likewise observed by naturalists, that it must be some hidden principle, distinct from what we call reason, which instructs animals in the use of these their arms, and teaches them to manage

horn appears.

I shall add to these general observations an instance, which Mr. Locke has given us of Provi-

whole animal world. "We may," says he, "from the make of an oyster or cockle, conclude, that it has not so many nor so quick senses as a man, or several other animals: nor if it had, would it, in

one place to another be bettered by them. What good would sight and hearing do to a creature, that cannot move itself to or from the object, wherein at a distance it perceives good or evil? And would not quickness of sensation be an inconvenience to an animal that must be still where chance has once placed it, and there receive the afflux of colder or

to it?

Providence has left defective, but at the same time has shown its wisdom in the formation of that organ in which it seems chiefly to have failed. "What is more obvious and ordinary than a mole? and yet what more palpable argument of Providence than she? The members of her body are so exactly fitted to her nature and manner of life: for her dwelling being under ground, where nothing is to be seen, nature has so obscurely fitted her with eyes, that naturalists can scarce agree whether she have any sight at all, or no. But for amends, what she is capable of for her defence and warning of danger, she has very eminently conferred upon her; for she is exceeding quick of hearing. And then her short tail and short legs, but broad fore-feet armed with sharp claws; we see by the event to what purpose they are, she so swiftly working herself under ground, and making her way so fast in the earth as they that behold it cannot but admire it. Her legs therefore are short, that she need dig no more than will serve the mere thickness of her body; and her fore-feet are broad, that she may scoop away much earth at a time; and little or no tail she has because she courses it not upon the ground, like the rat or mouse, of whose kindred she is; but lives under the earth, and is fain to dig herself a dwelling there. And she making her way through so thick an element, which will not yield easily as the air or the water, it had been dangerous to have

drawn so long a train behind her; for her enemy might fall upon her rear, and fetch her out before she had completed or got full possession of her works."

I cannot forbear mentioning Mr. Boyle's[6] remark upon this last creature, who I remember somewhere in his works observes that though the mole be not totally blind (as it is commonly thought) she has not sight enough to distinguish particular objects. Her eye is said to have but one humor in it, which is supposed to give her the idea of light, but of nothing else, and is so formed that this idea is probably painful to the animal. Whenever she comes up into broad day she might be in danger of being taken, unless she were thus affected by a light striking upon her eye, and immediately warning her to bury herself in her proper element. More sight would be useless to her, as none at all might be fatal.

I have only instanced such animals as seem the most imperfect works of nature; and if Providence shows itself even in the blemishes of these creatures, how much more does it discover itself in the several endowments which it has variously bestowed upon such creatures as are more or less finished and completed in their several faculties, according to the condition of life in which they are posted.

I could wish our Royal Society[7] would compile a body of natural history, the best that could be gathered together from books and observations. It

the several writers among them took each his particular species, and gave us a distinct account of its origin, birth, and education; its policies, hostilities, and alliances, with the frame and texture of its inward and outward parts, and particularly those that distinguish it from all other animals, with their peculiar aptitudes for the state of being in which Providence has placed them, it would be one of the best services their studies could do mankind, and not a little redound to the glory of the all-wise Contriver.

It is true, such a natural history, after all the disquisitions of the learned, would be infinitely short and defective. Seas and deserts hide millions of animals from our observation. Innumerable artifices and stratagems are acted in the "howling wilderness" and in the "great deep," that can never come to our knowledge. Besides that there are infinitely more species of creatures which are not to be seen without nor indeed with the help of the finest glasses, than of such as are bulky enough for the naked eye to take hold of. However, from the consideration of such animals as lie within the compass of our knowledge, we might easily form a conclusion of the rest, that the same variety of wisdom and goodness runs through the whole creation, and puts every creature in a condition to provide for its safety and subsistence in its proper station.

Tully has given us an admirable sketch of natural history in his second book concerning the Nature of the Gods; and that in a style so raised by metaphors and descriptions, that it lifts the subject above raillery and ridicule, which frequently fall on such nice observations when they pass through the hands of an ordinary writer.

No. 21. Sir Roger at the Assizes

SPECTATOR No. 122. *Friday, July 20, 1711*

Comes jucundus in via pro vehiculo est.[1]
Publ. Syr. Frag.

A MAN'S first care should be to avoid the reproaches of his own heart; his next to escape the censures of the world. If the last interferes with the former, it ought to be entirely neglected; but otherwise there cannot be a greater satisfaction to an honest mind than to see those approbations which it gives itself seconded by the applauses of the public. A man is more sure of his conduct when the verdict which he passes upon his own behavior is thus warranted and confirmed by the opinion of all that know him.

My worthy friend Sir Roger is one of those who is not only at peace within himself but beloved and esteemed by all about him. He receives a suitable tribute for his universal benevolence to

mankind, in the returns of affection and good-will, which are paid him by every one that lives within his neighborhood. I lately met with two or three odd instances of that general respect which is shown to the good old knight. He would needs carry Will Wimble and myself with him to the county assizes. As we were upon the road Will Wimble joined a couple of plain men who rid before us, and conversed with them for some time; during which my friend Sir Roger acquainted me with their characters.

"The first of them," says he, "that has a spaniel by his side, is a yeoman of about an hundred pounds a year, an honest man. He is just within the game-act,[2] and qualified to kill a hare or a pheasant. He knocks down a dinner with his gun twice or thrice a week; and by that means lives much cheaper than those who have not so good an estate as himself. He would be a good neighbor if he did not destroy so many partridges. In short, he is a very sensible man; shoots flying; and has been several times foreman of the petty-jury.

"The other that rides along with him is Tom Touchy, a fellow famous for 'taking the law' of everybody. There is not one in the town where he lives that he has not sued at a quarter sessions. The rogue had once the impudence to go to law with the Widow. His head is full of costs, damages, and ejectments. He plagued a couple of honest

gentlemen so long for a trespass in breaking one of his hedges, till he was forced to sell the ground it enclosed to defray the charges of the prosecution; his father left him fourscore pounds a year: but he has cast [3] and been cast so often, that he is not now worth thirty. I suppose he is going upon the old business of the willow-tree."

As Sir Roger was giving me this account of Tom Touchy, Will Wimble and his two companions stopped short till we came up to them. After having paid their respects to Sir Roger, Will told him that Mr. Touchy and he must appeal to him upon a dispute that arose between them. Will it seems had been giving his fellow-traveler an account of his angling one day in such a hole: when Tom Touchy, instead of hearing out his story, told him that Mr. Such-a-One, if he pleased, might "take the law of him" for fishing in that part of the river. My friend Sir Roger heard them both, upon a round trot; and after having paused some time told them, with the air of a man who would not give his judgment rashly, that "much might be said on both sides." They were neither of them dissatisfied with the knight's determination, because neither of them found himself in the wrong by it. Upon which we made the best of our way to the assizes.

The court was sat before Sir Roger came; but notwithstanding all the justices had taken their places upon the bench, they made room for the old

knight at the head of them; who for his reputation in the country took occasion to whisper in the judge's ear, "that he was glad his lordship had met with so much good weather in his circuit." I was listening to the proceeding of the court with much attention, and infinitely pleased with that great appearance of solemnity which so properly accompanies such a public administration of our laws; when after about an hour's sitting, I observed, to my great surprise, in the midst of a trial, that my friend Sir Roger was getting up to speak. I was in some pain for him, until I found he had acquitted himself of two or three sentences, with a look of much business and great intrepidity.

Upon his first rising the court was hushed, and a general whisper ran among the country people, that Sir Roger "was up." The speech he made was so little to the purpose, that I shall not trouble my readers with an account of it; and I believe was not so much designed by the knight himself to inform the court, as to give him a figure in my eye, and keep up his credit in the country.

I was highly delighted when the court rose to see the gentlemen of the country gathering about my old friend, and striving who should compliment him most; at the same time that the ordinary people gazed upon him at a distance, not a little admiring his courage that was not afraid to speak to the judge.

In our return home we met with a very odd accident; which I cannot forbear relating, because it shows how desirous all who know Sir Roger are of giving him marks of their esteem. When we were arrived upon the verge of his estate, we stopped at a little inn to rest ourselves and our horses. The man of the house had, it seems, been formerly a servant in the knight's family; and to do honor to his old master, had some time since, unknown to Sir Roger, put him up in a sign-post before the door; so that the knight's head had hung out upon the road about a week before he himself knew anything of the matter. As soon as Sir Roger was acquainted with it, finding that his servant's indiscretion proceeded wholly from affection and good-will, he only told him that he had made him too high a compliment; and when the fellow seemed to think that could hardly be, added with a more decisive look, that it was too great an honor for any man under a duke; but told him at the same time, that it might be altered with a very few touches, and that he himself would be at the charge of it. Accordingly they got a painter by the knight's directions to add a pair of whiskers to the face, and by a little aggravation of the features to change it into the Saracen's Head. I should not have known this story, had not the inn-keeper, upon Sir Roger's alighting, told him in my hearing, that his honor's head was brought back last night

with the alterations that he had ordered to be made in it. Upon this my friend, with his usual cheerfulness, related the particulars above mentioned, and ordered the head to be brought into the room. I could not forbear discovering greater expressions of mirth than ordinary upon the appearance of this monstrous face, under which, notwithstanding it was made to frown and stare in a most extraordinary manner, I could still discover a distant resemblance of my old friend. Sir Roger, upon seeing me laugh, desired me to tell him truly if I thought it possible for people to know him in that disguise. I at first kept my usual silence; but upon the knight's conjuring me to tell whether it was not still more like himself than a Saracen, I composed my countenance in the best manner I could, and replied, that "much might be said on both sides."

These several adventures, with the knight's behavior in them, gave me as pleasant a day as ever I met with in any of my travels.

No. 22. Eudoxus and Leontine

SPECTATOR No. 123. *Saturday, July* 21, 1711

> Doctrina sed vim promovet insitam,
> Rectique cultus pectora roborant:
> Utcunque defecere mores,
> Dedecorant bene nata culpæ.[1]
> *Hor.* Lib. 4. Od. iv. 33.

As I was yesterday taking the air with my friend Sir Roger, we were met by a fresh-colored ruddy young man who rid by us full speed, with a couple of servants behind him. Upon my inquiry who he was, Sir Roger told me that he was a young gentleman of a considerable estate, who had been educated by a tender mother that lived not many miles from the place where we were. She is a very good lady, says my friend, but took so much care of her son's health, that she has made him good for nothing. She quickly found that reading was bad for his eyes, and that writing made his head ache. He was let loose among the woods as soon as he was able to ride on horseback, or to carry a gun upon his shoulder. To be brief, I found, by my friend's account of him, that he had got a great stock of health, but nothing else; and that if it were a man's business only to live, there would not be a more accomplished young fellow in the whole county.

The truth of it is, since my residing in these parts I have seen and heard innumerable instances of

young heirs and elder brothers, who, either from their own reflecting upon the estates they are born to, and therefore thinking all other accomplishments unnecessary, or from hearing these notions frequently inculcated to them by the flattery of their servants and domestics, or from the same foolish thought prevailing in those who have the care of their education, are of no manner of use but to keep up their families, and transmit their lands and houses in a line to posterity.

This makes me often think on a story I have heard of two friends, which I shall give my reader at large, under feigned names. The moral of it may, I hope, be useful, though there are some circumstances which make it rather appear like a novel, than a true story.

Eudoxus and Leontine began the world with small estates. They were both of them men of good sense and great virtue. They prosecuted their studies together in their earlier years, and entered into such a friendship as lasted to the end of their lives. Eudoxus, at his first setting out in the world, threw himself into a court, where by his natural endowments and his acquired abilities he made his way from one post to another, until at length he had raised a very considerable fortune. Leontine on the contrary sought all opportunities of improving his mind by study, conversation, and travel. He was not only acquainted with all the

sciences, but with the most eminent professors of them throughout Europe. He knew perfectly well the interests of its princes, with the customs and fashions of their courts, and could scarce meet with the name of an extraordinary person in the Gazette whom he had not either talked to or seen.[1] In short, he had so well mixed and digested his knowledge of men and books, that he made one of the most accomplished persons of his age. During the whole course of his studies and travels he kept up a punctual correspondence with Eudoxus, who often made himself acceptable to the principal men about court by the intelligence which he received from Leontine. When they were both turned of forty[2] (an age in which according to Mr. Cowley, "there is no dallying with life,"[3]) they determined, pursuant to the resolution they had taken in the beginning of their lives, to retire, and pass the remainder of their days in the country. In order to this, they both of them married much about the same time. Leontine, with his own and wife's fortune, bought a farm of three hundred a year, which lay within the neighborhood of his friend Eudoxus, who had purchased an estate of as many thousands. They were both of them fathers about the same time, Eudoxus having a son born to him, and Leontine a daughter; but to the unspeakable grief of the latter, his young wife (in whom all his happiness was wrapt up) died in a few days after the birth of her daughter.

His affliction would have been insupportable, had not he been comforted by the daily visits and conversations of his friend. As they were one day talking together with their usual intimacy, Leontine, considering how incapable he was of giving his daughter a proper education in his own house, and Eudoxus reflecting on the ordinary behavior of a son who knows himself to be the heir of a great estate, they both agreed upon an exchange of children, namely, that the boy should be bred up with Leontine as his son, and that the girl should live with Eudoxus as his daughter, until they were each of them arrived at years of discretion. The wife of Eudoxus, knowing that her son could not be so advantageously brought up as under the care of Leontine, and considering at the same time that he would be perpetually under her own eye, was by degrees prevailed upon to fall in with the project. She therefore took Leonilla, for that was the name of the girl, and educated her as her own daughter. The two friends on each side had wrought themselves to such an habitual tenderness for the children who were under their direction, that each of them had the real passion of a father, where the title was but imaginary. Florio, the name of the young heir that lived with Leontine, though he had all the duty and affection imaginable for his supposed parent, was taught to rejoice at the sight of Eudoxus, who visited his friend very frequently,

and was dictated by his natural affection as well as by the rules of prudence to make himself esteemed and beloved by Florio. The boy was now old enough to know his supposed father's circumstances, and that therefore he was to make his way in the world by his own industry. This consideration grew stronger in him every day and produced so good an effect, that he applied himself with more than ordinary attention to the pursuit of everything which Leontine recommended to him. His natural abilities, which were very good, assisted by the directions of so excellent a counselor, enabled him to make a quicker progress than ordinary through all the parts of his education. Before he was twenty years of age, having finished his studies and exercises with great applause, he was removed from the university to the inns of court, where there are very few that make themselves considerable proficients in the studies of the place, who know they shall arrive at great estates without them. This was not Florio's case, he found that three hundred a year was but a poor estate for Leontine and himself to live upon, so that he studied without intermission till he gained a very good insight into the constitution and laws of his country.

I should have told my reader, that whilst Florio lived at the house of his foster-father, he was always an acceptable guest in the family of Eudoxus, where he became acquainted with Leonilla from her in-

fancy. His acquaintance with her by degrees grew into love, which in a mind trained up in all the sentiments of honor and virtue became a very uneasy passion. He despaired of gaining an heiress of so great a fortune, and would rather have died than attempted it by any indirect methods. Leonilla, who was a woman of the greatest beauty joined with the greatest modesty, entertained at the same time a secret passion for Florio, but conducted herself with so much prudence, that she never gave him the least intimation of it. Florio was now engaged in all those arts and improvements that are proper to raise a man's private fortune, and give him a figure in his country, but secretly tormented with that passion which burns with the greatest fury in a virtuous and noble heart, when he received a sudden summons from Leontine, to repair to him in the country the next day: for it seems Eudoxus was so filled with the report of his son's reputation, that he could no longer withhold making himself known to him. The morning after his arrival at the house of his supposed father, Leontine told him that Eudoxus had something of great importance to communicate to him; upon which the good man embraced him, and wept. Florio was no sooner arrived at the great house that stood in his neighborhood, but Eudoxus took him by the hand, after the first salutes were over, and conducted him into his closet." He there

opened to him the whole secret of his parentage and education, concluding after this manner: "I have no other way of acknowledging my gratitude to Leontine, than by marrying you to his daughter. He shall not lose the pleasure of being your father by the discovery I have made to you. Leonilla too shall be still my daughter; her filial piety, though misplaced, has been so exemplary, that it deserves the greatest reward I can confer upon it. You shall have the pleasure of seeing a great estate fall to you, which you would have lost the relish of, had you known yourself born to it. Continue only to deserve it in the same manner you did before you were possessed of it. I have left your mother in the next room. Her heart yearns towards you. She is making the same discoveries to Leonilla which I have made to yourself." Florio was so overwhelmed with this profusion of happiness, that he was not able to make a reply, but threw himself down at his father's feet, and amidst a flood of tears, kissed and embraced his knees, asking his blessing, and expressing in dumb show those sentiments of love, duty, and gratitude that were too big for utterance. To conclude the happy pair were married, and all Eudoxus's estate settled upon them. Leontine and Eudoxus passed the remainder of their lives together; and received in the dutiful and affectionate behavior of Florio and Leonilla the just recompense as well as the natural

effects of that care which they had bestowed upon them in their education.

No. 23 Party Spirit

SPECTATOR No. 125. *Tuesday, July* 24, 1711

> Ne, pueri, ne tanta animis assuescite bella;
> Neu patriæ validas in viscera vertite vires.[1]
> *Virg.* Æn. vi. 832.

My worthy friend Sir Roger, when we are talking of the malice of parties, very frequently tells us an accident that happened to him when he was a school-boy, which was at the time[2] when the feuds ran high between the Roundheads and Cavaliers. This worthy knight, being then but a stripling, had occasion to inquire which was the way to St. Anne's Lane? upon which the person whom he spoke to, instead of answering his question, called him a young popish cur, and asked him who had made Anne a saint? The boy, being in some confusion, inquired of the next he met, which was the way to Anne's Lane? but was called a prick-eared cur for his pains, and instead of being shown the way, was told that she had been a saint before he was born, and would be one after he was hanged. "Upon this," says Sir Roger, "I did not think fit to repeat the former question, but going into every lane of the neighborhood, asked what they called the name of that lane?" By which ingenious artifice he

found out the place he inquired after, without giving offence to any party. Sir Roger generally closes this narrative with reflections on the mischief that parties do in the country; how they spoil good neighborhood, and make honest gentlemen hate one another; besides that they manifestly tend to the prejudice of the land-tax, and the destruction of the game.

There cannot a greater judgment befall a country than such a dreadful spirit of division as rends a government into two distinct people, and makes them greater strangers and more averse to one another, than if they were actually two different nations. The effects of such a division are pernicious to the last degree, not only with regard to those advantages which they give the common enemy, but to those private evils which they produce in the heart of almost every particular person. This influence is very fatal both to men's morals and their understandings; it sinks the virtue of a nation, and not only so, but destroys even common sense.

A furious party spirit, when it rages in its full violence, exerts itself in civil war and bloodshed; and when it is under its greatest restraints naturally breaks out in falsehood, detraction, calumny, and a partial administration of justice. In a word, it fills a nation with spleen and rancor, and extinguishes all the seeds of good-nature, compassion, and humanity.

Plutarch[3] says, very finely, "that a man should not allow himself to hate even his enemies, because," says he, "if you indulge this passion in some occasions, it will rise of itself in others; if you hate your enemies, you will contract such a vicious habit of mind, as by degrees will break out upon those who are your friends, or those who are indifferent to you." I might here observe how admirably this precept of morality (which derives the malignity of hatred from the passion itself, and not from its object) answers to that great rule which was dictated to the world about an hundred years before this philosopher wrote;[4] but instead of that, I shall only take notice, with a real grief of heart, that the minds of many good men among us appear soured with party-principles, and alienated from one another in such a manner, as seems to me altogether inconsistent with the dictates either of reason or religion. Zeal for a public cause is apt to breed passions in the hearts of virtuous persons, to which the regard of their own private interest would never have betrayed them.

If this party-spirit has so ill an effect on our morals, it has likewise a very great one upon our judgments. We often hear a poor insipid paper or pamphlet cried up, and sometimes a noble piece depreciated, by those who are of a different principle from the author. One who is actuated by this spirit is almost under an incapacity of discerning

either real blemishes or beauties. A man of merit in a different principle is like an object seen in two different mediums, that appears crooked or broken, however straight and entire it may be in itself. For this reason there is scarce a person of any figure in England, who does not go by two contrary characters, as opposite to one another as light and darkness. Knowledge and learning suffer in a particular manner from this strange prejudice, which at present prevails amongst all ranks and degrees in the British nation. As men formerly became eminent in learned societies by their parts and acquisitions, they now distinguish themselves by the warmth and violence with which they espouse their respective parties. Books are valued upon the like considerations. An abusive scurrilous style passes for satire, and a dull scheme of party notions is called fine writing.

There is one piece of sophistry practised by both sides, and that is the taking any scandalous story that has been ever whispered or invented of a private man, for a known undoubted truth, and raising suitable speculations upon it. Calumnies that have been never proved, or have been often refuted, are the ordinary postulatums of these infamous scribblers, upon which they proceed as upon first principles granted by all men, though in their hearts they know they are false, or at best very doubtful. When they have laid these foun-

dations of scurrility, it is no wonder that their superstructure is every way answerable to them. If this shameless practice of the present age endures much longer, praise and reproach will cease to be motives of action in good men.

There are certain periods of time in all governments when this inhuman spirit prevails. Italy was long torn in pieces by the Guelphs and Ghibellines,[5] and France by those who were for and against the League:[6] but it is very unhappy for a man to be born in such a stormy and tempestuous season. It is the restless ambition of artful men that thus breaks a people into factions, and draws several well-meaning persons to their interest by a specious concern for their country. How many honest minds are filled with uncharitable and barbarous notions, out of their zeal for the public good? What cruelties and outrages would they not commit against men of an adverse party, whom they would honor and esteem, if, instead of considering them as they are represented, they knew them as they are? Thus are persons of the greatest probity seduced into shameful errors and prejudices, are made bad men even by that noblest of principles, the "love of their country." I cannot here forbear mentioning the famous Spanish proverb, "If there were neither fools nor knaves in the world, all people would be of one mind."

For my own part I could heartily wish that all

honest men would enter into an association, for the support of one another against the endeavors of those whom they ought to look upon as their common enemies, whatsoever side they may belong to. Were there such an honest body of neutral forces, we should never see the worst of men in great figures of life, because they are useful to a party; nor the best unregarded, because they are above practising those methods which would be grateful to their faction. We should then single every criminal out of the herd, and hunt him down, however formidable and overgrown he might appear: on the contrary, we should shelter distressed innocence, and defend virtue, however beset with contempt or ridicule, envy or defamation. In short, we should not any longer regard our fellow-subjects as Whigs or Tories, but should make the man of merit our friend, and the villain our enemy.

No. 24. Party Spirit — Continued

SPECTATOR No. 126. *Wednesday, July* 25, 1711

> Tros Rutulusve fuat, nullo discrimine habebo.
> *Virg.* Æn. x. 108.

IN my yesterday's paper I proposed, that the honest men of all parties should enter into a kind of association for the defence of one another, and the confusion of their common enemies. As it is

designed this neutral body should act with regard to nothing but truth and equity, and divest themselves of the little heats and prepossessions that cleave to parties of all kinds, I have prepared for them the following form of an association, which may express their intentions in the most plain and simple manner.

"We whose names are hereunto subscribed do solemnly declare, that we do in our consciences believe two and two make four; and that we shall adjudge any man whatsoever to be our enemy who endeavors to persuade us to the contrary. We are likewise ready to maintain, with the hazard of all that is near and dear to us, that six is less than seven in all times and all places: and that ten will not be more three years hence than it is at present. We do also firmly declare, that it is our resolution as long as we live to call black black, and white white. And we shall upon all occasions oppose such persons that upon any day of the year shall call black white, or white black, with the utmost peril of our lives and fortunes."

Were there such a combination of honest men, who without any regard to places would endeavor to extirpate all such furious zealots as would sacrifice one half of their country to the passion and interest of the other; as also such infamous hypocrites, that are for promoting their own advantage under color of the public good; with all the profligate

immoral retainers to each side, that have nothing to recommend them but an implicit submission to their leaders: we should soon see that furious party-spirit extinguished, which may in time expose us to the derision and contempt of all the nations about us.

A member of this society that would thus carefully employ himself in making room for merit, by throwing down the worthless and depraved part of mankind from those conspicuous stations of life to which they have been sometimes advanced, and all this without any regard to his private interest, would be no small benefactor to his country.

I remember to have read in Diodorus Siculus[2] an account of a very active little animal, which I think he calls the ichneumon, that makes it the whole business of his life to break the eggs of the crocodile, which he is always in search after. This instinct is the more remarkable, because the ichneumon never feeds upon the eggs he has broken, nor any other way finds his account in them. Were it not for the indefatigable labors of this industrious animal, Egypt, says the historian, would be overrun with crocodiles: for the Egyptians are so far from destroying those pernicious creatures, that they worship them as gods.

If we look into the behavior of ordinary partisans, we shall find them far from resembling this disinterested animal; and rather acting after the example

of the wild Tartars, who are ambitious of destroying a man of the most extraordinary parts and accomplishments, as thinking that upon his decease the same talents, whatever post they qualified him for, enter of course into his destroyer.

As in the whole train of my speculations, I have endeavored as much as I am able to extinguish that pernicious spirit of passion and prejudice, which rages with the same violence in all parties, I am still the more desirous of doing some good in this particular, because I observe that the spirit of party reigns more in the country than in the town. It here contracts a kind of brutality and rustic fierceness, to which men of a politer conversation[3] are wholly strangers. It extends itself even to the return of the bow and the hat; and at the same time that the heads of parties preserve towards one another an outward show of good-breeding, and keep up a perpetual intercourse of civilities, their tools that are dispersed in these outlying parts will not so much as mingle together at a cock-match.[4] This humor fills the country with several periodical meetings of Whig jockies and Tory fox-hunters; not to mention the innumerable curses, frowns, and whispers it produces at a quarter-sessions.

I do not know whether I have observed in any of my former papers, that my friends Sir Roger de Coverley and Sir Andrew Freeport are of different principles, the first of them inclined to the landed

and the other to the monied interest. This humor is so moderate in each of them, that it proceeds no farther than to an agreeable raillery, which very often diverts the rest of the club. I find, however, that the knight is a much stronger Tory in the country than in town, which as he has told me in my ear, is absolutely necessary for the keeping up his interest. In all our journey from London to his house we did not so much as bait at a Whig inn; or if by chance the coachman stopped at a wrong place, one of Sir Roger's servants would ride up to his master full speed, and whisper to him that the master of the house was against such an one in the last election. This often betrayed us into hard beds and bad cheer;[5] for we were not so inquisitive about the inn as the inn-keeper; and provided our landlord's principles were sound, did not take any notice of the staleness of his provisions. This I found still the more inconvenient, because the better the host was, the worse generally were his accommodations; the fellow knowing very well that those who were his friends would take up with coarse diet and an hard lodging. For these reasons, all the while I was upon the road I dreaded entering into an house of any one that Sir Roger had applauded for an honest man.

Since my stay at Sir Roger's in the country, I daily find more instances of this narrow party humor. Being upon the bowling-green[6] at a

neighboring market-town the other day (for that is the place where the gentlemen of one side meet once a week) I observed a stranger among them of a better presence and genteeler behavior than ordinary; but was much surprised, that notwithstanding he was a very fair bettor, nobody would take him up. But upon inquiry I found, that he was one who had given a disagreeable vote in a former parliament, for which reason there was not a man upon that bowling-green who would have so much correspondence with him as to win his money of him.

Among other instances of this nature, I must not omit one which concerns myself. Will Wimble was the other day relating several strange stories that he had picked up, nobody knows where, of a certain great man; and upon my staring at him, as one that was surprised to hear such things in the country, which had never been so much as whispered in the town, Will stopped short in the thread of his discourse, and after dinner asked my friend Sir Roger in his ear if he was sure that I was not a fanatic.

It gives me a serious concern to see such a spirit of dissension in the country; not only as it destroys virtue and common sense, and renders us in a manner barbarians towards one another, but as it perpetuates our animosities, widens our breaches, and transmits our present passions and prejudices to our posterity. For my own part, I am some-

times afraid that I discover the seeds of a civil war in these our divisions; and therefore cannot but bewail, as in their first principles, the miseries and calamities of our children.

No. 25. Sir Roger and the Gypsies

SPECTATOR No. 130. *Monday, July* 30, 1711

——————Semperque recentes
Convectare juvat prædas, et vivere rapto.[1]
Virg. Æn. vii. 748.

As I was yesterday riding out in the fields with my friend Sir Roger, we saw at a little distance from us a troop of gypsies. Upon the first discovery of them, my friend was in some doubt whether he should not exert the justice of the peace upon such a band of lawless vagrants; but not having his clerk with him, who is a necessary counselor on these occasions, and fearing that his poultry might fare the worse for it, he let the thought drop; but at the same time gave me a particular account of the mischiefs they do in the country, in stealing people's goods and spoiling their servants. "If a stray piece of linen hangs upon a hedge," says Sir Roger, "they are sure to have it; if the hog loses his way in the fields, it is ten to one but he becomes their prey; our geese cannot live in peace for them; if a servant prosecutes them with severity, his hen-roost is sure to pay for it. They generally straggle into

these parts about this time of the year; and set the heads of our servant-maids so agog for husbands, that we do not expect to have any business done as it should be, whilst they are in the country. I have an honest dairy-maid who crosses their hands with a piece of silver every summer, and never fails being promised the handsomest young fellow in the parish for her pains. Your friend the butler has been fool enough to be seduced by them; and though he is sure to lose a knife, a fork, or a spoon every time his fortune is told him, generally shuts himself up in the pantry with an old gypsy for above half an hour once in a twelve-month. Sweethearts are the things they live upon, which they bestow very plentifully upon all those that apply themselves to them. You see now and then some handsome young jades among them: the sluts[2] have very often white teeth and black eyes."

Sir Roger observing that I listened with great attention to his account of a people who were so entirely new to me, told me, that, if I would, they should tell us our fortunes. As I was very well pleased with the knight's proposal, we rid up and communicated our hands to them. A Cassandra[3] of the crew, after having examined my lines very diligently, told me, that I loved a pretty maid in a corner, that I was a good woman's man, with some other particulars which I do not think proper to relate. My friend Sir Roger alighted from his horse,

and exposing his palm to two or three that stood by him, they crumpled it into all shapes, and diligently scanned every wrinkle that could be made in it; when one of them, who was older and more sun-burnt than the rest, told him, that he had a widow in his line of life. Upon which the knight cried, "Go, go, you are an idle baggage"; and at the same time smiled upon me. The gypsy finding he was not displeased in his heart, told him after a farther inquiry into his hand, that his true-love was constant, and that she should dream of him to-night. My old friend cried Pish! and bid her go on. The gypsy told him that he was a bachelor, but would not be so long; and that he was dearer to somebody than he thought. The knight still repeated, "She was an idle baggage," and bid her go on. "Ah, master," says the gypsy, "that roguish leer of yours makes a pretty woman's heart ache; you have not that simper about the mouth for nothing." — The uncouth gibberish with which all this was uttered, like the darkness of an oracle, made us the more attentive to it. To be short, the knight left the money with her that he had crossed her hand with, and got up again on his horse.

As we were riding away, Sir Roger told me, that he knew several sensible people who believed these gypsies now and then foretold very strange things; and for half an hour together appeared more jocund than ordinary. In the height of his good-humor,

meeting a common beggar upon the road, who was no conjurer, as he went to relieve him he found his pocket was picked; that being a kind of palmistry at which this race of vermin are very dextrous.

I might here entertain my reader with historical remarks on this idle profligate people, who infest all the countries of Europe, and live in the midst of governments in a kind of commonwealth by themselves. But instead of entering into observations of this nature, I shall fill the remaining part of my paper with a story which is still fresh in Holland, and was printed in one of our monthly accounts about twenty years ago. "As the *trekschuyt*, or hackney-boat, which carries passengers from Leyden to Amsterdam, was putting off, a boy running along the side of the canal desired to be taken in: which the master of the boat refused, because the lad had not quite money enough to pay the usual fare. An eminent merchant being pleased with the looks of the boy, and secretly touched with compassion towards him, paid the money for him, and ordered him to be taken on board. Upon talking with him afterwards, he found that he could speak readily in three or four languages, and learned upon farther examination that he had been stolen away when he was a child by a gypsy, and had rambled ever since with a gang of those strollers up and down several parts of Europe. It happened that the merchant, whose heart seems to have inclined towards the boy

by a secret kind of instinct, had himself lost a child some years before. The parents, after a long search for him, gave him for drowned in one of the canals with which that country abounds: and the mother was so afflicted at the loss of a fine boy, who was her only son, that she died for grief of it. Upon laying together all circumstances and examining the several moles and marks by which the mother used to describe the child when he was first missing, the boy proved to be the son of the merchant, whose heart had so unaccountably melted at the sight of him. The lad was very well pleased to find a father who was so rich and likely to leave him a good estate; the father on the other hand was not a little delighted to see a son return to him whom he had given for lost, with such a strength of constitution, sharpness of understanding, and skill in languages.' Here the printed story leaves off: but if I may give credit to reports, our linguist having received such extraordinary rudiments towards a good education, was afterwards trained up in everything that becomes a gentleman, wearing off by little and little all the vicious habits and practices that he had been used to in the course of his peregrinations. Nay it is said that he has since been employed in foreign courts upon national business with great reputation to himself and honour to those who sent him, and that he has visited several countries as a public minister in which he formerly wandered as a gypsy

No. 26. The Spectator's Reputation in the Country

SPECTATOR No. 131. *Tuesday, July* 31, 1711

——— Ipsæ rursum concedite sylvæ.[1]
Virg. Ecl. x. 63.

IT is usual for a man who loves country sports to preserve the game in his own grounds, and divert himself upon those that belong to his neighbor. My friend Sir Roger generally goes two or three miles from his house, and gets into the frontiers of his estate, before he beats about in search of a hare or partridge, on purpose to spare his own fields, where he is always sure of finding diversion, when the worst comes to the worst. By this means the breed about his house has time to increase and multiply, besides that the sport is the more agreeable where the game is the harder to come at, and where it does not lie so thick as to produce any perplexity or confusion in the pursuit. For these reasons the country gentleman, like the fox, seldom preys near his own home.

In the same manner I have made a month's excursion out of the town, which is the great field of game for sportsmen of my species, to try my fortune in the country, where I have started several subjects and hunted them down, with some pleasure to myself, and I hope to others. I am here forced to use a great deal of diligence before I can spring

anything to my mind, whereas in town, whilst I am following one character, it is ten to one but I am crossed in my way by another, and put up such a variety of odd creatures in both sexes that they foil the scent of one another, and puzzle the chase. My greatest difficulty in the country is to find sport, and in town to choose it. In the meantime as I have given a whole month's rest to the cities of London and Westminster, I promise myself abundance of new game upon my return thither.

It is indeed high time for me to leave the country, since I find the whole neighborhood begin to grow very inquisitive after my name and character; my love of solitude, taciturnity, and particular way of life, having raised a great curiosity in all these parts.

The notions which have been framed of me are various; some look upon me as very proud, some as very modest, and some as very melancholy. Will Wimble, as my friend the butler tells me, observing me very much alone, and extremely silent when I am in company, is afraid I have killed a man. The country people seem to suspect me for a conjurer; and some of them hearing of the visit which I made to Moll White will needs have it that Sir Roger has brought down a cunning man with him to cure the old woman, and free the country from her charms. So that the character which I go under in part of the neighborhood, is what they here call a White Witch.[2]

A justice of peace, who lives about five miles off, and is not of Sir Roger's party, has it seems said twice or thrice at his table, that he wishes Sir Roger does not harbor a Jesuit in his house, and that he thinks the gentlemen of the country would do very well to make me give some account of myself.

On the other side, some of Sir Roger's friends are afraid the old knight is imposed upon by a designing fellow; and as they have heard that he converses very promiscuously when he is in town, do not know but he has brought down with him some discarded Whig, that is sullen, and says nothing because he is out of place.

Such is the variety of opinions which are here entertained of me, so that I pass among some for a disaffected person, and among others for a popish priest; among some for a wizard, and among others for a murderer; and all this for no other reason that I can imagine, but because I do not hoot, and halloo, and make a noise. It is true, my friend Sir Roger tells them, — That it is my way, and that I am only a philosopher; but this will not satisfy them. They think there is more in me than he discovers, and that I do not hold my tongue for nothing.

For these and other reasons I shall set out for London to-morrow, having found by experience that the country is not a place for a person of my temper, who does not love jollity, and what they call good

neighborhood. A man that is out of humor when an unexpected guest breaks in upon him, and does not care for sacrificing an afternoon to every chance-comer, that will be the master of his own time and the pursuer of his own inclinations, makes but a very unsociable figure in this kind of life. I shall therefore retire into the town, if I may make use of that phrase, and get into the crowd again as fast as I can, in order to be alone. I can there raise what speculations I please upon others without being observed myself, and at the same time enjoy all the advantages of company with all the privileges of solitude. In the meanwhile, to furnish the mouth, and conclude these my rural speculations, I shall here insert a letter I may intitle Will Honeycomb, who has not lived a month for these forty years out of the smoke of London, and rallies me much in my way upon my country life.

"Dear Spec,

"I suppose this letter will find thee picking of daisies or suchling to a lock of hay, or passing away thy time in some innocent country diversion of the like nature. I have however orders from the club to summon thee up to town, being all of us exceedly afraid that we'll not be able to relish our company, after thy conversations with Moll White, and Will Wimble. Prythee do not send us any more stories of a cock and a bull, nor frighten the

town with spirits and witches. Thy speculations begin to smell confoundedly of woods and meadows. If thou dost not come up quickly, we shall conclude that thou art in love with one of Sir Roger's dairy-maids. Service to the knight. Sir Andrew is grown the cock of the club since he left us, and if he does not return quickly will make every mother's son of us commonwealth's-men.

"Dear Spec,
"Thine eternally,
"WILL HONEYCOMB."

No. 27. In a Stage Coach

SPECTATOR No. 132. *Wednesday, August* 1, 1711

Qui, aut tempus quid postulet non videt, aut plura loquitur, aut se ostentat, aut eorum quibuscum est rationem non habet, is ineptus esse dicitur.[1] — *Tull.*

HAVING notified to my good friend Sir Roger that I should set out for London the next day, his horses were ready at the appointed hour in the evening, and, attended by one of his grooms, I arrived at the county-town at twilight, in order to be ready for the stage-coach the day following. As soon as we arrived at the inn, the servant who waited upon me, inquired of the chamberlain[2] in my hearing what company he had for the coach? The fellow answered, "Mrs.[3] Betty Arable, the great fortune, and the widow her mother, a recruiting

officer, (who took a place because they were to go) young 'Squire Quickset, her cousin (that her mother wished her to be married to); Ephraim [4] the quaker, her guardian; and a gentleman that had studied himself dumb from Sir Roger de Coverley's." I observed by what he said of myself, that according to his office he dealt much in intelligence; and doubted not but there was some foundation for his reports of the rest of the company, as well as for the whimsical account he gave of me. The next morning at daybreak we were all called; and I who know my own natural slyness, and endeavor to be as little liable to be disputed with as possible, dressed immediately, that I might make no one wait. The first preparation for our setting out was, that the captain's half-pike [5] was placed near the coachman, and a drum behind the coach. In the meantime the drummer, the captain's equipage,[6] was very loud, "that none of the captain's things should be placed so as to be spoiled; upon which his cloak-bag was fixed in the seat of the coach: and the captain himself, according to a frequent, though invidious [7] behavior of military men, ordered his man to look sharp, that none but one of the ladies should have the place he had taken fronting the coach-box.

We were in some little time fixed in our seats, and sat with that dislike which people not too good-natured usually conceive of each other at first

sight. The coach jumbled us insensibly into some sort of familiarity: and we had not moved above two miles, when the widow asked the captain what success he had in his recruiting? The officer, with a frankness he believed very graceful, told her, "that indeed he had but very little luck, and had suffered much by desertion, therefore should be glad to end his warfare in the service of her or her fair daughter. In a word," continued he, "I am a soldier, and to be plain is my character: you see me, madam, young, sound, and impudent; take me yourself, widow, or give me to her; I will be wholly at your disposal. I am a soldier of fortune, ha!" — This was followed by a vain laugh of his own, and a deep silence of all the rest of the company. I had nothing left for it but to fall fast asleep, which I did with all speed. — "Come," said he, "resolve upon it, we will make a wedding at the next town: we will wake this pleasant companion who has fallen asleep, to be the brideman; and," giving the Quaker a clap on the knee, he concluded, "This sly saint, who, I will warrant, understands what is what as well as you or I, widow, shall give the bride as father." The Quaker, who happened to be a man of smartness,[8] answered, "Friend, I take it in good part that thou hast given me the authority of a father over this comely and virtuous child; and I must assure thee, that if I have the giving her, I shall not bestow her on thee. Thy mirth, friend,

savoreth of folly: thou art a person of a light mind, thy drum is a type of thee, it soundeth because it is empty. Verily, it is not from thy fullness, but thy emptiness, that thou last spoken this day. Friend, friend, we have hired this coach in partnership with thee, to carry us to the great city; we cannot go any other way. This worthy mother must hear thee, if thou wilt needs utter thy follies: we cannot help it, friend, I say: if thou wilt, we must hear thee: but if thou wert a man of understanding, thou wouldst not take advantage of thy courageous countenance to abash us children of peace. — Thou art, thou sayest, a soldier; give quarter to us, who cannot resist thee. Why dost thou leer [9] at our friend, who feigned himself asleep? He said nothing: but how dost thou know what he containeth? If thou speakest improper things in the hearing of this virtuous young virgin, consider it as an outrage against a distressed person that cannot get from thee: to speak indiscreetly what we are obliged to hear, by being hasped [10] up with thee in this public vehicle, is in some degree assaulting on the high road."

Here Ephraim paused, and the captain with a happy and uncommon impudence (which can be convicted and support itself at the same time), cries, "Faith, friend, I thank thee; I should have been a little impertinent if thou hadst not reprimanded me. Come, thou art, I see, a smoky old

fellow, and I will be very orderly the ensuing part of my journey. I was going to give myself airs, but, ladies, I beg pardon."

The captain was so little out of humor, and our company was so far from being soured by this little ruffle, that Ephraim and he took a particular delight in being agreeable to each other for the future, and assumed their different provinces in the conduct of the company. Our reckonings, apartments,[11] and accommodation, fell under Ephraim; and the captain looked to all disputes upon the road,[12] as the good behavior of our coachman, and the right we had of taking place, as going to London, of all vehicles coming from thence. The occurrences we met with were ordinary, and very little happened which could entertain by the relation of them: but when I considered the company we were in, I took it for no small good-fortune, that the whole journey was not spent in impertinences, which to one part of us might be an entertainment, to the other a suffering. What therefore Ephraim said when we were almost arrived at London, had to me an air not only of good understanding, but good breeding. Upon the young lady's expressing her satisfaction in the journey, and declaring how delightful it had been to her, Ephraim declared himself as follows: "There is no ordinary part of human life, which expresseth so much a good mind, and a right inward man, as his behavior upon meeting with strangers,

especially such as may seem the most unsuitable companions to him: such a man, when he falleth in the way with persons of simplicity and innocence, however knowing he may be in the ways of men, will not vaunt himself thereof, but will the rather hide his superiority to them, that he may not be painful unto them. My good friend," continued he, turning to the officer, "thee and I are to part by and by, and peradventure we may never meet again: but be advised by a plain man; modes and apparel are but trifles to the real man, therefore do not think such a man as thyself terrible for thy garb, nor such a one as me contemptible for mine. When two such as thee and I meet, with affections as we ought to have towards each other, thou shouldst rejoice to see my peaceable demeanor, and I should be glad to see thy strength and ability to protect me in it."

No. 28. Sir Andrew Freeport on Merchants

SPECTATOR No. 174. *Wednesday, September* 19, 1711

> Hæc memini et victum frustra contendere Thyrsin.[1]
> *Virg.* Ecl. vii. 69.

THERE is scarce anything more common than animosities between parties that cannot subsist but by their agreement: this was well represented in the sedition of the members of the human body in the

old Roman fable.[2] It is often the case of lesser confederate states against a superior power, which are hardly held together, though their unanimity is necessary for their common safety; and this is always the case of the landed and trading interests of Great Britain: the trader is fed by the product of the land, and the landed man cannot be clothed but by the skill of the trader: and yet those interests are ever jarring.

We had last winter an instance of this at our club, in Sir Roger de Coverley and Sir Andrew Freeport, between whom there is generally a constant, though friendly, opposition of opinions. It happened that one of the company, in an historical discourse, was observing, that Carthaginian faith[3] was a proverbial phrase to intimate breach of leagues. Sir Roger said it could hardly be otherwise: that the Carthaginians were the greatest traders in the world; and as gain is the chief end of such a people, they never pursue any other: the means to it are never regarded: they will, if it comes easily, get money honestly; but if not, they will not scruple to attain it by fraud, or cozenage: and indeed, what is the whole business of the trader's account,[4] but to overreach him who trusts to his memory? But were not that so, what can there great and noble be expected from him whose attention is ever fixed upon balancing his books, and watching over his expenses? And at best, let

frugality and parsimony be the virtues of the merchant how much is his punctual dealing below a gentleman's charity to the poor, or hospitality among his neighbors?

Captain Sentry observed Sir Andrew very diligent in hearing Sir Roger, and had a mind to turn the discourse, by taking notice in general, from the highest to the lowest parts of human society, there was a secret, though unjust way among men, of indulging the seeds of ill-nature and envy, by comparing their own state of life to that of another, and grudging the approach of their neighbor to their own happiness: and on the other side, he, who is the less at his ease, repines at the other, who he thinks has unjustly the advantage over him. Thus the civil and military lists look upon each other with much ill-nature, the soldier repines at the courtier's power, and the courtier rallies the soldier's honor; or, to come to lower instances, the private men in the horse and foot of an army, the carmen and coachmen in the city streets, mutually look upon each other with ill will, when they are in competition for quarters, or the way in their respective motions.

"It is very well, good captain," interrupted Sir Andrew; "you may attempt to turn the discourse if you think fit; but I must however have a word or two with Sir Roger, who, I see, thinks he has paid me off, and been very severe upon the mer-

chant. I shall not," continued he, "at this time remind Sir Roger of the great and noble monuments of charity and public spirit, which have been erected by merchants since the Reformation, but at present content myself with what he allows us, parsimony and frugality. If it were consistent with the quality of so ancient a baronet as Sir Roger, to keep an account, or measure things by the most infallible way, that of numbers, he would prefer our parsimony to his hospitality. If to drink so many hogsheads is to be hospitable, we do not contend for the fame of that virtue; but it would be worth while to consider, whether so many artificers at work ten days together by my appointment, or so many peasants made merry on Sir Roger's charge, are the men more obliged? I believe the families of the artificers[5] will thank me more than the household of the peasants shall Sir Roger. Sir Roger gives to his men, but I place mine above the necessity or obligation of my bounty. I am in very little pain for the Roman proverb upon the Carthaginian traders; the Romans were their professed enemies: I am only sorry no Carthaginian histories have come to our hands: we might have been taught perhaps by them some proverbs against the Roman generosity, in fighting for, and bestowing other people's goods. But since Sir Roger has taken occasion from an old proverb, to be out of humor with merchants, it should be no offence to offer one

not quite so old in their defence. When a man happens to break in Holland, they say of him that 'he has not kept true accounts.' This phrase, perhaps among us, would appear a soft or humorous way of speaking, but with that exact nation it bears the highest reproach. For a man to be mistaken in the calculation of his expense, in his ability to answer future demands, or to be impertinently[6] sanguine in putting his credit to too great adventure, are all instances of as much infamy, as with gayer nations to be failing in courage, or common honesty.

"Numbers are so much the measure of everything that is valuable, that it is not possible to demonstrate the success of any action, or the prudence of any undertaking, without them. I say this in answer to what Sir Roger is pleased to say, 'that little that is truly noble can be expected from one who is ever poring on his cash-book, or balancing his accounts.' When I have my returns from abroad, I can tell to a shilling, by the help of numbers, the profit or loss by my adventure; but I ought also to be able to show that I had reason for making it, either from my own experience, or that of other people, or from a reasonable presumption that my returns will be sufficient to answer my expense and hazard; and this is never to be done without the skill of numbers. For instance, if I am to trade to Turkey, I ought beforehand to know the demand of our manufactures there, as well as

of their silks in England, and the customary prices that are given for both in each country. I ought to have a clear knowledge of these matters beforehand, that I may presume upon sufficient returns to answer the charge of the cargo I have fitted out, the freight and assurance[7] out and home, the customs[8] to the queen, and the interest of my own money, and besides all these expenses a reasonable profit to myself. Now what is there of scandal in this skill? What has the merchant done, that he should be so little in the good graces of Sir Roger? He throws down no man's inclosures, and tramples upon no man's corn; he takes nothing from the industrious laborer; he pays the poor man for his work; he communicates his profit with mankind; by the preparation of his cargo, and the manufacture of his returns, he furnishes employment and subsistence to greater numbers than the richest nobleman; and even the nobleman is obliged to him for finding out foreign markets for the produce of his estate, and for making a great addition to his rents; and yet it is certain that none of all these things could be done by him without the exercise of his skill in numbers.

"This is the economy of the merchant; and the conduct of the gentleman must be the same, unless by scorning to be the steward, he resolves the steward shall be the gentleman. The gentleman, no more than the merchant, is able, without the

help of numbers, to account for the success of any action, or the prudence of any adventure. It, for instance, the chase is his whole adventure, his only returns must be the stag's horns in the great hall, and the fox's nose upon the stable-door. Without doubt Sir Roger knows the full value of these returns; and if beforehand he had computed the charges of the chase, a gentleman of his discretion would certainly have hanged up all his dogs: he would never have brought back so many tired horses to the kennel, he would never have gone so often, like a blast, over fields of corn. If such too had been the conduct of all his ancestors, he might truly have boasted at this day, that the antiquity of his family had never been sullied by a trade: a merchant had never been permitted with his whole estate to purchase a room for his picture in the gallery of the Coverleys, or to claim his descent from the maid of honor. But it is very happy for Sir Roger that the merchant paid so dear for his ambition. It is the misfortune of many other gentlemen to turn out of the seats of their ancestors, to make way for such new masters as have been more exact in their accounts than themselves: and certainly he deserves the estate a great deal better who has got it by his industry, than he who has lost it by his negligence."

No 29. The Cries of London

SPECTATOR No. 251. *Tuesday, December* 18, 1711

——Linguæ centum sunt, oraque centum,
Ferrea vox ——— [1]

Virg. Æn. vi. 625.

THERE is nothing which more astonishes a foreigner, and frights a country squire, than the Cries of London. My good friend Sir Roger often declares that he cannot get them out of his head or go to sleep for them, the first week that he is in town. On the contrary, Will Honeycomb calls them the *Ramage de la Ville*,[2] and prefers them to the sound of larks and nightingales, with all the music of the fields and woods. I have lately received a letter from some very odd fellow upon this subject, which I shall leave with my reader, without saying anything further of it.

"SIR,

"I am a man out of all business, and would willingly turn my head to anything for an honest livelihood. I have invented several projects for raising many millions of money without burdening the subject, but I cannot get the parliament to listen to me, who look upon me, forsooth, as a crack,[3] and a projector; so that despairing to enrich either myself or my country by this public-spirited-

ness, I would make some proposals to you relating to a design which I have very much at heart, and which may procure me a handsome subsistence, if you will be pleased to recommend it to the cities of London and Westminster.

"The post I would aim at, is to be comptroller-general of the London Cries, which are at present under no manner of rules or discipline. I think I am pretty well qualified for this place, as being a man of very strong lungs, of great insight into all the branches of our British trades and manufactures, and of a competent skill in music.

"The Cries of London may be divided into vocal and instrumental. As for the latter, they are at present under a very great disorder. A freeman of London has the privilege of disturbing a whole street for an hour together, with the twanking of a brass-kettle or a frying-pan. The watchman's thump at midnight startles us in our beds, as much as the breaking in of a thief. I would therefore propose, that no instrument of this nature should be made use of, which I have not tuned and licensed, after having carefully examined in what manner it may affect the ears of her majesty's liege subjects.

"Vocal cries are of a much larger extent, and indeed so full of incongruities and barbarisms, that we appear a distracted city to foreigners, who do not comprehend the meaning of such enormous outcries. Milk is generally sold in a note above

E-la,[4] and in sounds so exceeding shrill, that it often sets our teeth on edge. The chimney-sweeper is confined to no certain pitch; he sometimes utters himself in the deepest bass, and sometimes in the sharpest treble; sometimes in the highest, and sometimes in the lowest note of the gamut. The same observation might be made on the retailers of small-coal, not to mention broken glasses, or brick-dust. In these therefore, and the like cases, it should be my care to sweeten and mellow the voices of these itinerant tradesmen, before they make their appearance in our streets, as also to accommodate their cries to their respective wares; and to take care in particular, that those may not make the most noise who have the least to sell, which is very observable in the venders of card-matches, to whom I cannot but apply the old proverb of 'Much cry but little wool.'

"Some of these last mentioned musicians are so very loud in the sale of these trifling manufactures, that an honest splenetic gentleman of my acquaintance bargained with one of them never to come into the street where he lived. But what was the effect of this contract? why, the whole tribe of card-match-makers which frequent that quarter, passed by his door the very next day, in hopes of being bought off after the same manner.

"It is another great imperfection in our London Cries, that there is no just time nor measure ob-

served in them. Our news should indeed be published in a very quick time, because it is a commodity that will not keep cold. It should not, however, be cried with the same precipitation as fire. Yet this is generally the case. A bloody battle alarms the town from one end to another in an instant. Every motion of the French is published in so great a hurry, that one would think the enemy were at our gates. This likewise I would take upon me to regulate in such a manner, that there should be some distinction made between the spreading of a victory, a march, or an encampment, a Dutch, a Portugal, or a Spanish mail. Nor must I omit under this head those excessive alarms with which several boisterous rustics infest our streets in turnip-season; and which are more inexcusable, because these are wares which are in no danger of cooling upon their hands.

"There are others who affect a very slow time, and are in my opinion much more tunable than the former. The cooper in particular swells his last note in an hollow voice, that is not without its harmony; nor can I forbear being inspired with a most agreeable melancholy, when I hear that sad and solemn air with which the public are very often asked, if they have any chairs to mend? Your own memory may suggest to you many other lamentable ditties of the same nature, in which the music is wonderfully languishing and melodious.

"I am always pleased with that particular time of the year which is proper for the pickling of dill and cucumbers; but alas! this cry, like the song of the nightingale, is not heard above two months. It would therefore be worth while to consider, whether the same air might not in some cases be adapted to other words.

"It might likewise deserve our most serious consideration, how far, in a well regulated city, those humorists are to be tolerated, who, not contented with the traditional cries of their forefathers, have invented particular songs and tunes of their own: such as was, not many years since, the pastry-man commonly known by the name of the Colly-Molly-Puff,[2] and such as is at this day the vender of powder and wash-balls, who, if I am rightly informed, goes under the name of Powder-Watt.

"I must not here omit one particular absurdity which runs through this whole vociferous generation, and which renders their cries very often not only incommodious, but altogether useless to the public. I mean, that idle accomplishment which they all of them aim at, of crying so as not to be understood. Whether or no they have learned this from several of our affected singers, I will not take upon me to say; but most certain it is, that people know the wares they deal in rather by their tunes than by their words; insomuch that I have sometimes seen a country boy run out to buy apples of

a bellows-mender, and gingerbread from a grinder of knives and scissors. Nay, so strangely infatuated are some very eminent artists of this particular grace in a cry, that none but their acquaintance are able to guess at their profession; for who else can know, that 'work if I had it,' should be the signification of a corn-cutter.

"For as much therefore as persons of this rank are seldom men of genius or capacity, I think it would be very proper that some man of good sense and sound judgment should preside over these public cries, who should permit none to lift up their voices in our streets, that have not tunable throats, and are not only able to overcome the noise of the crowd, and the rattling of coaches, but also to vend their respective merchandises in apt phrases, and in the most distinct and agreeable sounds. I do therefore humbly recommend myself as a person rightly qualified for this post; and if I meet with fitting encouragement, shall communicate some other projects which I have by me, that may no less conduce to the emolument of the public.

"I am, Sir, &c.

"RALPH CROTCHET."

No. 30. A Walk with Sir Roger

SPECTATOR No. 269. *Tuesday, January* 8, 1711–12

—— Ævo rarissima nostro
Simplicitas ——[1]
Ovid. Ars. Am. Lib. i. 241.

I WAS this morning surprised with a great knocking at the door, when my landlady's daughter came up to me and told me that there was a man below desired to speak with me. Upon my asking her who it was, she told me it was a very grave elderly person, but that she did not know his name. I immediately went down to him, and found him to be the coachman of my worthy friend Sir Roger de Coverley. He told me that his master came to town last night, and would be glad to take a turn with me in Gray's-inn walks. As I was wondering with myself what had brought Sir Roger to town, not having lately received any letter from him, he told me that his master was come up to get a sight of Prince Eugene,[2] and that he desired I would immediately meet him.

I was not a little pleased with the curiosity of the old knight, though I did not much wonder at it, having heard him say more than once in private discourse, that he looked upon Prince Eugenio (for so the knight always calls him) to be a greater man than Scanderbeg.[3]

I was no sooner come into Gray's-inn walks, but I heard my friend upon the terrace hemming twice or thrice to himself with great vigor, for he loves to clear his pipes in good air (to make use of his own phrase) and is not a little pleased with any one who takes notice of the strength which he still exerts in his morning hems.

I was touched with a secret joy at the sight of the good old man, who before he saw me was engaged in conversation with a beggar-man that had asked an alms of him. I could hear my friend chide him for not finding out some work; but at the same time saw him put his hand in his pocket and give him sixpence.

Our salutations were very hearty on both sides, consisting of many kind shakes of the hand, and several affectionate looks which we cast upon one another. After which the knight told me my good friend his chaplain was very well, and much at my service, and that the Sunday before he had made a most incomparable sermon out of Dr. Barrow.[4] "I have left," says he, "all my affairs in his hands, and being willing to lay an obligation upon him, have deposited with him thirty marks, to be distributed among his poor parishioners."

He then proceeded to acquaint me with the welfare of Will Wimble. Upon which he put his hand into his fob and presented me in his name with a tobacco-stopper, telling me that Will had

been busy all the beginning of the winter in turning great quantities of them; and that he made a present of one to every gentleman in the country who has good principles, and smokes. He added, that poor Will was at present under great tribulation, for that Tom Touchy had taken the law of him for cutting some hazel sticks out of one of his hedges.

Among other pieces of news which the knight brought from his country-seat, he informed me that Moll White was dead, and that about a month after her death the wind was so very high, that it blew down the end of one of his barns. "But for my own part," says Sir Roger, "I do not think that the old woman had any hand in it."

He afterwards fell into an account of the diversions which had passed in his house during the holidays; for Sir Roger, after the laudable custom of his ancestors, always keeps open house at Christmas. I learned from him that he had killed eight fat hogs for this season, that he had dealt about his chines very liberally amongst his neighbors, and that in particular he had sent a string of hogs'-puddings[5] with a pack of cards to every poor family in the parish. "I have often thought," says Sir Roger, "it happens very well that Christmas should fall out in the middle of winter. It is the most dead uncomfortable time of the year, when the poor people would suffer very much from their poverty and cold, if they had not good cheer, warm

fires, and Christmas gambols to support them. I love to rejoice their poor hearts at this season, and to see the whole village merry in my great hall. I allow a double quantity of malt to my small-beer, and set it a running for twelve days to every one that calls for it. I have always a piece of cold beef and a mince-pie upon the table, and am wonderfully pleased to see my tenants pass away a whole evening in playing their innocent tricks, and smutting [6] one another. Our friend Will Wimble is as merry as any of them, and shows a thousand roguish tricks upon these occasions."

I was very much delighted with the reflection of my old friend, which carried so much goodness in it. He then launched out into the praise of the late act [7] of parliament for securing the Church of England, and told me with great satisfaction, that he believed it already began to take effect, for that a rigid dissenter who chanced to dine at his house on Christmas-day, had been observed to eat very plentifully of his plum-porridge.

After having despatched all our country matters, Sir Roger made several inquiries concerning the club, and particularly of his old antagonist Sir Andrew Freeport. He asked me with a kind smile, whether Sir Andrew had not taken the advantage of his absence, to vent among them some of his republican doctrines: but soon after gathering up his countenance into a more than ordinary serious-

ness, "Tell me truly," says he, "do not you think Sir Andrew had a hand in the pope's procession?" [8] — But without giving me time to answer him, "Well, well," says he, "I know you are a wary man, and do not care to talk of public matters."

The knight then asked me, if I had seen Prince Eugenio, and made me promise to get him a stand in some convenient place where he might have a full sight of that extraordinary man, whose presence did so much honor to the British nation. He dwelt very long on the praises of this great general, and I found that since I was with him in the country, he had drawn many observations together out of his reading in Baker's Chronicle [9] and other authors, who always lie in his hall window, which very much redound to the honor of this prince.

Having passed away the greatest part of the morning in hearing the knight's reflections, which were partly private and partly political, he asked me if I would smoke a pipe with him over a dish of coffee at Squires's? [10] As I love the old man, I take delight in complying with everything that is agreeable to him, and accordingly waited on him to the coffee-house, where his venerable figure drew upon us the eyes of the whole room. He had no sooner seated himself at the upper end of the high table, but he called for a clean pipe, a paper of tobacco, a dish of coffee, a wax candle, and the 'upplement,[11] with such an air of cheerfulness and

good-humor, that all the boys in the coffee-room (who seemed to take pleasure in serving him) were at once employed on his several errands, insomuch that nobody else could come at a dish of tea, until the knight had got all his conveniences about him.

No. 31. Pin Money

SPECTATOR No. 295. *Thursday, February* 7, 1711–12

> Prodiga non sentit pereuntem fœmina censum:
> At velut exhaustâ redivivus pullulet arcâ
> Nummus, et è pleno semper tollatur acervo,
> Non unquam reputat, quanti sibi guadia constant:
> *Juv.* Sat. vi. 361.

"MR. SPECTATOR,

"I am turned of my great climacteric,[2] and am naturally a man of a meek temper. About a dozen years ago I was married, for my sins, to a young woman of a good family, and of an high spirit: but could not bring her to close with me, before I had entered into a treaty with her longer than that of the grand alliance.[3] Among other articles, it was there stipulated, that she should have 400 l. a year for pin-money, which I obliged myself to pay quarterly into the hands of one, who acted as her plenipotentiary in that affair. I have ever since religiously observed my part in this solemn agreement. Now, sir, so it is, that the lady has had several children since I married her. The education

of these my children, straitens me so much, that I have begged their mother to free me from the obligation of the above-mentioned pin-money, that it may go towards making a provision for her family. This proposal makes her noble blood swell in her veins, insomuch, that finding me a little tardy in my last quarter's payment, she threatens me every day to arrest me; and proceeds so far as to tell me, that if I do not do her justice, I shall die in a jail. To this she adds, when her passion will let her argue calmly, that she has several play-debts on her hand, which must be discharged very suddenly, and that she cannot lose her money as becomes a woman of her fashion, if she makes me any abatement in this article. I hope, sir, you will take an occasion from hence to give your opinion upon a subject which you have not yet touched, and inform us if there are any precedents for this usage, among our ancestors; or whether you find any mention of pin-money in Grotius, Puffendorf,[4] or any other of the civilians.[5]

"I am ever the humblest of your admirers,

"JOSIAH FRIBBLE, ESQ."

As there is no man living who is a more professed advocate for the fair sex than myself, so there is none that would be more unwilling to invade any of their ancient rights and privileges; but as the doctrine of pin-money is of a late date, unknown to our great grandmothers and not yet received by

many of our modern ladies I think it is for the interest of both sexes to keep it from spreading.

We may indeed generally observe that in proportion as a woman is more or less beautiful and her husband advanced in years she stands in need of a greater or less number of pins and upon a treaty of marriage rises or falls in her demands accordingly. It must likewise be owned that high quality in a mistress does very much inflame this article in the marriage-reckoning.

But where the age and circumstances of both parties are pretty much upon a level I cannot but think the insisting upon pin-money is very extraordinary, and yet we find several matches broken off upon this very head. What would a foreigner, or one who is a stranger to this practice, think of a lover that forsakes his mistress, because he is not willing to keep her in pins? But what would he think of the mistress should he be informed that she asks five or six hundred pounds a year for this use? Should a man unacquainted with our customs be told the sums which are allowed in Great Britain under the title of pin-money, what a prodigious consumption of pins would he think there was in this island. "A penny a day," says our frugal proverb, "is a great a year," so that, according to this calculation, my friend Fribble's wife must every year make use of eight millions six hundred and forty thousand new pins.

I am not ignorant that our British ladies allege they comprehend under this general term several other conveniences of life; I could therefore wish, for the honor of my countrywomen, that they had rather called it needle-money which might have implied something of good housewifery, and not have given the malicious world occasion to think, that dress and trifles have always the uppermost place in a woman's thoughts.

I know several of my fair readers urge, in defence of this practice, that it is but a necessary provision they make for themselves, in case their husband proves a churl or a miser, so that they consider this allowance as a kind of alimony, which they may lay their claim to without actually separating from their husbands. But with submission, I think a woman who will give up herself to a man in marriage, where there is the least room for such an apprehension, and trust her person to one whom she will not rely on for the common necessaries of life, may very properly be accused (in the phrase of an homely proverb) of being "penny wise and pound foolish."

It is observed of over-cautious generals, that they never engage in a battle without securing a retreat, in case the event should not answer their expectations; on the other hand, the greatest conquerors have burnt their ships, or broke down the bridges behind them, as being determined either to succeed

or die in the engagement. In the same manner I should very much suspect a woman who takes such precautions for her retreat and contrives methods how she may live happily without the affection of one to whom she joins herself for life. A marriage cannot be happy where the pleasures inclinations and interests of both parties are not the same. There is no greater incitement to love in the mind of man, than the sense of a person's depending upon him for her ease and happiness; as a woman uses all her endeavors to please the person whom she looks upon as her honor her comfort and her support.

For this reason I am not very much surprised at the behavior of a rough country squire who being not a little shocked at the proceeding of a young widow that would not recede from her demands of pin-money was so enraged at her mercenary temper, that he told her in great wrath, "As much as she thought him her slave he would show all the world he did not care a pin for her." Upon which he flew out of the room, and never saw her more.

Socrates in Plato's Alcibiades[6] says he was informed by one who had traveled through Persia that as he passed over a great tract of land, and inquired what the name of the place was, they told him it was the Queen's Girdle: to which he adds, that another wide field which lay by it, was called the Queen's Veil, and that in the same manner

there was a large portion of ground set aside for every part of her majesty's dress. These lands might not be improperly called the Queen of Persia's pin-money.

I remember my friend Sir Roger, who, I dare say, never read this passage in Plato, told me some time since, that upon his courting the perverse widow (of whom I have given an account in former papers) he had disposed of an hundred acres in a diamond ring, which he would have presented her with, had she thought fit to accept it: and that upon her wedding-day, she should have carried on her head fifty of the tallest oaks upon his estate. He further informed me, that he would have given her a coal-pit to keep her in clean linen, that he would have allowed her the profits of a wind-mill for her fans, and have presented her once in three years, with the shearing of his sheep for her under-petticoats. To which the knight always adds, that though he did not care for fine clothes himself, there should not have been a woman in the country better dressed than my lady Coverley. Sir Roger, perhaps, may in this, as well as in many other of his devices, appear something odd and singular; but if the humor of pin-money prevails, I think it would be very proper for every gentleman of an estate, to mark out so many acres of it under the title of "The Pins."

No. 32. Sir Roger in Westminster Abbey

SPECTATOR No. 329 *Tuesday, March* 18, 1711–12

Ire tamen restat, Numa quo devenit et Ancus.
Hor. Ep. vi. Lib. 1. 27.

My friend Sir Roger de Coverley told me t'other night, that he had been reading my paper upon Westminster Abbey, in which, says he, there are a great many ingenious fancies. He told me at the same time, that he observed I had promised another paper upon the tombs, and that he should be glad to go and see them with me, not having visited them since he had read history. I could not imagine how this came into the knight's head, till I recollected that he had been very busy all last summer upon Baker's Chronicle, which he has quoted several times in his disputes with Sir Andrew Freeport since his last coming to town. Accordingly I promised to call upon him the next morning, that we might go together to the Abbey.

I found the knight under his butler's hands, who always shaves him. He was no sooner dressed, than he called for a glass of the widow Truby's water,[1] which he told me he always drank before he went abroad. He recommended to me a dram of it at the same time, with so much heartiness, that I could not forbear drinking it. As soon as I had got it down, I found it very unpalatable; upon which

the knight, observing that I had made several wry faces, told me that he knew I should not like it at first, but that it was the best thing in the world against the stone or gravel.

I could have wished indeed that he had acquainted me with the virtues of it sooner; but it was too late to complain and I knew what he had done was out of good will. Sir Roger told me further, that he looked upon it to be very good for a man whilst he staid in town, to keep off infection, and that he got together a quantity of it upon the first news of the sickness[3] being at Dantzig: when of a sudden turning short to one of his servants, who stood behind him, he bid him call a hackney-coach, and take care it was an elderly man that drove it.

He then resumed his discourse upon Mrs. Truby's water, telling me that the widow Truby was one who did more good than all the doctors and apothecaries in the country; that she distilled every poppy that grew within five miles of her; that she distributed her water gratis among all sorts of people: to which the knight added that she had a very great jointure, and that the whole country would fain have it a match between him and her: "And truly," says Sir Roger, "if I had not been engaged, perhaps I could not have done better."

His discourse was broken off by his man's telling him he had called a coach. Upon our going to it, after having cast his eye upon the wheels, he asked

the coachman if his axle-tree was good upon the fellow's telling him he would warrant it, the knight turned to me, told me he looked like an honest man, and went in without further ceremony.

We had not gone far when Sir Roger popping out his head, called the coachman down from his box, and upon presenting himself at the window asked him if he smoked. As I was considering what this would end in, he bid him stop by the way at any good tobacconist's and take in a roll of their best Virginia. Nothing material happened in the remaining part of our journey till we were set down at the west end of the Abbey.

As we went up the body of the church the knight pointed at the trophies upon one of the new monuments, and cry'd out, "A brave man! I warrant him!" Passing afterwards by Sir Cloudesley Shovel, he flung his hand that way, and cried, "Sir Cloudesley Shovel! a very gallant man." As we stood before Busby's tomb the knight uttered himself again after the same manner: "Dr. Busby! a great man: he whipped my grandfather, a very great man! I should have gone to him myself, if I had not been a blockhead; a very great man!"

We were immediately conducted into the little chapel on the right hand. Sir Roger, planting himself at our historian's elbow, was very attentive to everything he said, particularly to the account he gave us of the lord who had cut off the king of

Morocco's head. Among several other figures, he was very well pleased to see the statesman Cecil upon his knees; and concluding them all to be great men, was conducted to the figure which represents that martyr to good housewifery who died by the prick of a needle.[6] Upon our interpreter's telling us that she was a maid of honor to Queen Elizabeth, the knight was very inquisitive into her name and family; and, after having regarded her finger for some time, "I wonder," says he, "that Sir Richard Baker has said nothing of her in his Chronicle."

We were then conveyed to the two coronation chairs, where my old friend, after having heard that the stone underneath the most ancient of them, which was brought from Scotland, was called Jacob's pillar, sat himself down in the chair, and, looking like the figure of an old Gothic king, asked our interpreter, what authority they had to say that Jacob had ever been in Scotland? The fellow, instead of returning him an answer, told him, that he hoped his honor would pay his forfeit. I could observe Sir Roger a little ruffled upon being thus trepanned, but our guide not insisting upon his demand, the knight soon recovered his good humor, and whispered in my ear, that if Will Wimble were with us, and saw those two chairs, it would go hard but he would get a tobacco stopper out of one or t'other of them.

Sir Roger, in the next place, laid his hand upon Edward the Third's sword, and leaning upon the pommel of it gave us the whole history of the Black Prince; concluding that, in Sir Richard Baker's opinion, Edward the Third was one of the greatest princes that ever sat upon the English throne.

We were then shown Edward the Confessor's comb, upon which Sir Roger acquainted us that he was the first who touched for the evil; and afterwards Henry the Fourth's; upon which he shook his head, and told us there was fine reading in the casualties of that reign.

Our conductor then pointed to that monument where there is a figure of one of our English kings without a head; and upon giving us to know that the head, which was of beaten silver, had been stolen away several years since; "Sons of Whig, I'll warrant you," says Sir Roger, "you ought to look up your kings better; they will carry off the body too, if you don't take care."

The glorious names of Henry the Fifth and Queen Elizabeth gave the knight great opportunities of shining, and of doing justice to Sir Richard Baker, who, as our knight observed with some surprise, had a great many kings in him whose monuments he had not seen in the Abbey.

For my own part, I could not but be pleased to see the knight show such an honest passion for the

glory of his country, and such a respectful gratitude to the memory of its princes.

I must not omit, that the benevolence of my good old friend, which flows out towards every one he converses with, made him very kind to our interpreter, whom he looked upon as an extraordinary man: for which reason he shook him by the hand at parting, telling him, that he should be very glad to see him at his lodgings in Norfolk Buildings, and talk over these matters with him more at leisure.

No. 33. Sir Roger and Beards

SPECTATOR No. 331. *Thursday, March* 20, 1712

——Stolidam præbet tibi vellere barbam.[1]
Pers. Sat. ii. 28.

WHEN I was last with my friend Sir Roger in Westminster Abbey, I observed that he stood longer than ordinary before the bust of a venerable old man. I was at a loss to guess the reason of it; when, after some time, he pointed to the figure, and asked me if I did not think that our forefathers looked much wiser in their beards than we do without them? "For my part," says he, "when I am walking in my gallery in the country, and see my ancestors, who many of them died before they were of my age, I cannot forbear regarding them as so many old patriarchs, and, at the same time,

looking upon myself as an idle smock-faced young fellow. I love to see your Abrahams, your Isaacs, and your Jacobs, as we have them in old pieces of tapestry, with beards below their girdles, that cover half the hangings." The knight added, "if I would recommend beards in one of my papers, and endeavor to restore human faces to their ancient dignity, that, upon a month's warning, he would undertake to lead up the fashion himself in a pair of whiskers."

I smiled at my friend's fancy; but, after we parted, could not forbear reflecting on the metamorphosis our faces have undergone in this particular.

The beard, conformable to the notion of my friend Sir Roger, was for many ages looked upon as the type of wisdom. Lucian[2] more than once rallies the philosophers of his time, who endeavored to rival one another in beards; and represents a learned man who stood for a professorship in philosophy, as unqualified for it by the shortness of his beard.

Elian,[3] in his account of Zoilus, the pretended critic, who wrote against Homer and Plato, and thought himself wiser than all who had gone before him, tells us that this Zoilus had a very long beard that hung down upon his breast, but no hair upon his head, which he always kept close shaved, regarding, it seems, the hairs of his head as so many

suckers, which, if they had been suffered to grow, might have drawn away the nourishment from his chin, and by that means have starved his beard.

I have read somewhere, that one of the popes refused to accept an edition of a saint's works, which were presented to him, because the saint, in his effigies before the book, was drawn without a beard.

We see by these instances what homage the world has formerly paid to beards; and that a barber was not then allowed to make those depredations on the faces of the learned, which have been permitted him of late years.

Accordingly several wise nations have been so extremely jealous of the least ruffle offered to their beards, that they seem to have fixed the point of honor principally in that part. The Spaniards were wonderfully tender in this particular. Don Quevedo,[4] in his third vision on the last judgment, has carried the humor very far, when he tells us that one of his vain-glorious countrymen, after having received sentence, was taken into custody by a couple of evil spirits; but that his guides happening to disorder his mustaches, they were forced to recompose them with a pair of curling-irons before they could get him to file off.

If we look into the history of our own nation, we shall find that the beard flourished in the Saxon heptarchy,[5] but was very much discouraged under

the Norman line. It shot out, however, from time to time, in several reigns under different shapes. The last effort it made seems to have been in Queen Mary's days, as the curious reader may find if he pleases to peruse the figures of Cardinal Pole and Bishop Gardiner; though, at the same time, I think it may be questioned, if zeal against popery has not induced our protestant painters to extend the beards of these two persecutors beyond their natural dimensions in order to make them appear the more terrible.

I find but few beards worth taking notice of in the reign of King James the First.

During the civil wars there appeared one, which makes too great a figure in story to be passed over in silence, I mean that of the redoubted Hudibras, an account of which Butler[9] has transmitted to posterity in the following lines:

> "His tawny beard was th' equal grace
> Both of his wisdom and his face,
> In cut and dye so like a tile,
> A sudden view it would beguile:
> The upper part thereof was whey,
> The nether orange mixt with grey."

The whisker continued for some time among us after the expiration of beards; but this is a subject which I shall not here enter upon, having discussed it at large in a distinct treatise, which I keep by me in manuscript, upon the mustache.

If my friend Sir Roger's project of introducing beards should take effect, I fear the luxury of the present age would make it a very expensive fashion. There is no question but the beaux would soon provide themselves with false ones of the lightest colors, and the most immoderate lengths. A fair beard of the tapestry size, which Sir Roger seems to approve, could not come under twenty guineas. The famous golden beard of Æsculapius [7] would hardly be more valuable than one made in the extravagance of the fashion.

Besides, we are not certain that the ladies would not come into the mode, when they take the air on horseback. They already appear in hats and feathers, coats and periwigs; and I see no reason why we may not suppose that they would have their riding-beards on the same occasion.

N. B. I may give the moral of this discourse in another paper.

No 34. Sir Roger at the Play

SPECTATOR No. 335. *Tuesday, March* 25, 1711–12

> Respicere exemplar vitæ morumque jubebo
> Doctum imitatorem et veras hinc ducere voces.[1]
> *Hor. Ars. Poet.* 327.

My friend Sir Roger de Coverley, when we last met together at the club, told me that he had a great mind to see the new tragedy [2] with me, assur-

ing me at the same time, that he had not been at a play these twenty years. "The last I saw," said Sir Roger, "was The Committee,[3] which I should not have gone to neither, had not I been told beforehand that it was a good Church of England comedy." He then proceeded to inquire of me who this Distressed Mother[4] was; and upon hearing that she was Hector's widow, he told me that her husband was a brave man, and that when he was a schoolboy he had read his life at the end of the dictionary. My friend asked me in the next place if there would not be some danger in coming home late, in case the Mohocks[5] should be abroad. "I assure you," says he, "I thought I had fallen into their hands last night; for I observed two or three lusty black men that followed me half way up Fleet Street, and mended their pace behind me in proportion as I put on to get away from them. You must know," continued the knight with a smile, "I fancied they had a mind to hunt me; for I remember an honest gentleman in my neighborhood, who was served such a trick in King Charles the Second's time, for which reason he has not ventured himself in town ever since. I might have shown them very good sport, had this been their design, for, as I am an old fox-hunter, I should have turned and doubled, and have played them a thousand tricks they had never seen in their lives before." Sir Roger added, that "if these gentlemen had any such intention,

they did not succeed very well in it; for I threw them out," says he, "at the end of Norfolk Street, where I doubled the corner, and got shelter in my lodgings before they could imagine what was become of me. However," says the knight, "if Captain Sentry will make one with us to-morrow night, and you will both of you call upon me about four o'clock, that we may be at the house before it is full, I will have my own coach in readiness to attend you, for John tells me he has got the fore-wheels mended."

The captain, who did not fail to meet me there at the appointed hour, bid Sir Roger fear nothing, for that he had put on the same sword which he made use of at the battle of Steenkirk.[6] Sir Roger's servants, and among the rest my old friend the butler, had, I found, provided themselves with good oaken plants, to attend their master upon this occasion. When we had placed him in his coach, with myself at his left hand, the captain before him, and his butler at the head of his footmen in the rear, we convoyed him in safety to the playhouse, where, after having marched up the entry in good order, the captain and I went in with him, and seated him betwixt us in the pit. As soon as the house was full, and the candles lighted, my old friend stood up, and looked about him with that pleasure which a mind seasoned with humanity naturally feels in itself, at the sight of a multitude of people who seem pleased with one another, and partake of the

some common entertainment. I could not but fancy to myself, as the old man stood up in the middle of the pit, that he made a very proper center to a tragic audience. Upon the entering of Pyrrhus, the knight told me, that he did not believe the king of France himself had a better strut. I was indeed very attentive to my old friend's remarks, because I looked upon them as a piece of natural criticism, and was well pleased to hear him, at the conclusion of almost every scene, telling me that he could not imagine how the play would end. One while he appeared much concerned for Andromache; and a little while after as much for Hermione, and was extremely puzzled to think what would become of Pyrrhus.

When Sir Roger saw Andromache's obstinate refusal to her lover's importunities, he whispered me in the ear, that he was sure she would never have him, to which he added, with a more than ordinary vehemence, "You can't imagine, sir, what it is to have to do with a widow." Upon Pyrrhus's threatening afterwards to leave her, the knight shook his head, and muttered to himself, "Ay, do if you can." This part dwelt so much upon my friend's imagination, that at the close of the third act, as I was thinking of something else, he whispered me in my ear, "These widows, sir, are the most perverse creatures in the world. But pray," says he, "you that are a critic, is the play according

to your dramatic rules, as you call them? Should your people in tragedy always talk to be understood? Why there is not a single sentence in this play that I do not know the meaning of."

The fourth act very luckily began before I had time to give the old gentleman an answer. "Well," says the knight, sitting down with great satisfaction, "I suppose we are now to see Hector's ghost." He then renewed his attention, and, from time to time, fell a praising the widow. He made, indeed, a little mistake as to one of her pages, whom at his entering he took for Astyanax; but quickly set himself right in that particular, though, at the same time, he owned he should have been very glad to have seen the little boy, who, says he, must needs be a very fine child by the account that is given of him. Upon Hermione's going off with a menace to Pyrrhus, the audience gave a loud clap, to which Sir Roger added, "On my word, a notable young baggage!"

As there was a very remarkable silence and stillness in the audience during the whole action, it was natural for them to take the opportunity of the intervals between the acts to express their opinion of the players, and of their respective parts. Sir Roger, hearing a cluster of them praise Orestes, struck in with them, and told them, that he thought his friend Pylades was a very sensible man. As they were afterwards applauding Pyrrhus, Sir Roger

put in a second time. "And let me tell you," says he, "though he speaks but little, I like the old fellow in whiskers as well as any of them." Captain Sentry, seeing two or three wags who sat near us lean with an attentive ear towards Sir Roger, and fearing lest they should smoke the knight, plucked him by the elbow, and whispered something in his ear, that lasted till the opening of the fifth act. The knight was wonderfully attentive to the account which Orestes gives of Pyrrhus's death, and at the conclusion of it, told me it was such a bloody piece of work, that he was glad it was not done upon the stage. Seeing afterwards Orestes in his raving fit, he grew more than ordinarily serious, and took occasion to moralize (in his way) upon an evil conscience, adding, that Orestes, in his madness, looked as if he saw something.

As we were the first that came into the house, so we were the last that went out of it; being resolved to have a clear passage for our old friend, whom we did not care to venture among the justling of the crowd. Sir Roger went out fully satisfied with his entertainment, and we guarded him to his lodging in the same manner that we brought him to the playhouse; being highly pleased for my own part, not only with the performance of the excellent piece which had been presented, but with the satisfaction which it had given to the old man.

No. 35. Epilogues

SPECTATOR No. 338. *Friday, March* 28, 1712

——— Nil fuit unquam
Tam dispar sibi. ———[1]
Hor. Sat. iii. Lib. 1. 18.

I FIND the tragedy of the Distressed Mother[2] is published to-day. The author[3] of the prologue, I suppose, pleads an old excuse I have read somewhere, of "being dull with design"; and the gentleman who writ the epilogue[4] has, to my knowledge, so much of greater moment to value himself upon, that he will easily forgive me for publishing the exceptions made against gayety at the end of serious entertainments in the following letter: I should be more unwilling to pardon him, than anybody, a practice which cannot have any ill consequence but from the abilities of the person who is guilty of it.

"MR. SPECTATOR,

"I had the happiness the other night of sitting very near you, and your worthy friend Sir Roger, at the acting of the new tragedy, which you have, in a late paper or two, so justly recommended. I was highly pleased with the advantageous situation fortune had given me in placing me so near two gentlemen, from one of which I was sure to hear such reflections on the several incidents of the

play as pure nature suggested, and from the other, such as flowed from the exactest art, and judgment: though I must confess that my curiosity led me so much to observe the knight's reflections, that I was not well at leisure to improve myself by yours. Nature, I found, played her part in the knight pretty well, till at the last concluding lines she entirely forsook him. You must know, sir, that it is always my custom, when I have been well entertained at a new tragedy, to make my retreat before the facetious epilogue enters; not but that these pieces are often very well written, but having paid down my half-crown, and made a fair purchase of as much of the pleasing melancholy as the poet's art can afford me, or my own nature admit of, I am willing to carry some of it home with me: and cannot endure to be at once tricked out of all, though by the wittiest dexterity in the world. However, I kept my seat the other night, in hopes of finding my own sentiments of this matter favored by your friend's, when, to my great surprise, I found the knight entering with equal pleasure into both parts, and as much satisfied with Mrs. Oldfield's gayety as he had been before with Andromache's greatness. Whether this were no more than an affect of the knight's peculiar humanity, pleased to find at last, that, after all the tragical doings everything was safe and well, I do not know; but for my own part, I must confess I was so dissatisfied that I was sorry

the poet had saved Andromache,[6] and could heartily have wished that he had left her stone-dead upon the stage. For you cannot imagine, Mr. Spectator, the mischief she was reserved to do me. I found my soul, during the action, gradually worked up to the highest pitch, and felt the exalted passion which all generous minds conceive at the sight of virtue in distress. The impression, believe me, sir, was so strong upon me, that I am persuaded, if I had been let alone in it, I could, at an extremity, have ventured to defend yourself and Sir Roger against half a score of the fiercest Mohocks; but the ludicrous epilogue in the close extinguished all my ardor, and make me look upon all such noble achievements as downright silly and romantic. What the rest of the audience felt, I cannot so well tell. For myself I must declare, that at the end of the play I found my soul uniform, and all of a piece; but at the end of the epilogue it was so jumbled together, and divided between jest and earnest, that, if you will forgive me an extravagant fancy, I will here set it down. I could not but fancy, if my soul had at that moment quitted my body, and descended to the poetical shades in the posture it was then in, what a strange figure it would have made among them. They would not have known what to have made of my motley specter, half comic and half tragic, all over resembling a ridiculous face that at the same time laughs

on one side and cries on the other. The only defence, I think, I have ever heard made for this, as it seems to me the most unnatural tack of the comic tail to the tragic head, is this: that the minds of the audience must be refreshed, and gentlemen and ladies not sent away to their own homes with too dismal and melancholy thoughts about them: for who knows the consequence of this? We are much obliged, indeed, to the poets for the great tenderness they express for the safety of our persons, and heartily thank them for it. But if that be all, pray, good sir, assure them, that we are none of us like to come to any great harm; and that, let them do their best, we shall in all probability live out the length of our days, and frequent the theaters more than ever. What makes me more desirous to have some information of this matter is, because of an ill consequence or two attending it: for a great many of our church musicians being related to the theater, they have, in imitation of these epilogues, introduced, in their farewell voluntaries, a sort of music quite foreign to the design of church services, to the great prejudice of well-disposed people. Those fingering gentlemen should be informed, that they ought to suit their airs to the place and business, and that the musician is obliged to keep to the text as much as the preacher. For want of this, I have found by experience a great deal of mischief. When the preacher has often, with great

piety, and art enough, handled his subject, and the judicious clerk has with the utmost diligence called out two staves proper to the discourse, and I have found in myself and in the rest of the pew, good thoughts and dispositions, they have been, all in a moment, dissipated by a merry jig from the organ loft. One knows not what further ill effects the epilogues I have been speaking of may in time produce, but this I am credibly informed of, that Paul Lorrain[7] has resolved upon a very sudden reformation in his tragical dramas; and that, at the next monthly performance, he designs, instead of a penitential psalm, to dismiss his audience with an excellent new ballad of his own composing. Pray, sir, do what you can to put a stop to these growing evils, and you will very much oblige

"Your humble servant.

"PHYSIBULUS."

No. 36. Will Honeycomb's Courtship

SPECTATOR No. 359. *Tuesday, April* 22, 1712

> Torva leæna lupum sequitur, lupus ipse capellam,
> Florentem cytisum sequitur lasciva capella.[1]
> *Virg.* Ecl. vi. 63.

As we were at the club last night, I observed that my old friend Sir Roger, contrary to his usual custom sat very silent, and, instead of minding what was said by the company, was whistling to

himself in a very thoughtful mood, and playing with a cork. I jogged Sir Andrew Freeport, who sat between us; and, as we were both observing him, we saw the knight shake his head, and heard him say to himself, "A foolish woman! I can't believe it." Sir Andrew gave him a gentle pat upon the shoulder, and offered to lay him a bottle of wine that he was thinking of the widow. My old friend started, and, recovering out of his brown study, told Sir Andrew that once in his life he had been in the right. In short, after some little hesitation, Sir Roger told us in the fulness of his heart, that he had just received a letter from his steward, which acquainted him that his old rival and antagonist in the country, Sir David Dundrum, had been making a visit to the widow. "However," says Sir Roger, "I can never think that she will have a man that is half a year older than I am, and a noted Republican into the bargain."

Will Honeycomb, who looks upon love as his particular province, interrupting our friend with a jaunty laugh, "I thought, knight," said he, "thou hadst lived long enough in the world not to put thy happiness upon one that is a woman, and a widow. I thank that without vanity, I may pretend to know as much of the female world as any man in Great Britain; though the chief of my knowledge consists in this, that they are not to be known." Will immediately with his usual fluency, rambled

into an account of his own amours. "I am now," says he, "upon the verge of fifty" (though by the way we all knew he was turned of threescore). "You may easily guess," continued Will, "that I have not lived so long in the world without having had some thoughts of settling in it, as the phrase is. To tell you truly, I have several times tried my fortune that way, though I cannot much boast of my success.

"I made my first addresses to a young lady in the country; but, when I thought things were pretty well drawing to a conclusion, her father happening to hear that I had formerly boarded with a surgeon, the old put [3] forbade me his house, and within a fortnight after married his daughter to a fox-hunter in the neighborhood.

"I made my next application to a widow, and attacked her so briskly, that I thought myself within a fortnight of her. As I waited upon her one morning, she told me, that she intended to keep her ready money and jointure [4] in her own hand, and desired me to call upon her attorney in Lyon's Inn,[5] who would adjust with me what it was proper for me to add to it. I was so rebuffed by this overture, that I never inquired either for her or her attorney afterwards.

"A few months after, I addressed myself to a young lady who was an only daughter, and of a good family. I danced with her at several balls,

squeezed her by the hand, said soft things to her, and in short made no doubt of her heart, and, though my fortune was not equal to hers, I was in hopes that her fond father would not deny her the man she had fixed her affections upon. But as I went one day to the house, in order to break the matter to him, I found the whole family in confusion, and heard, to my unspeakable surprise, that Miss Jenny was that very morning run away with the butler.

"I then courted a second widow, and am at a loss to this day how I came to miss her, for she had often commended my person and behavior. Her maid indeed told me one day that her mistress said she never saw a gentleman with such a spindle pair of legs as Mr. Honeycomb.

"After this I laid siege to four heiresses successively, and, being a handsome young dog in those days, quickly made a breach in their hearts, but I don't know how it came to pass though I seldom failed of getting the daughter's consent I could never in my life get the old people on my side.

"I could give you an account of a thousand other unsuccessful attempts, particularly of one which I made some years since upon an old woman, whom I had certainly borne away with flying colors if her relations had not come pouring in to her assistance from all parts of England; nay, I believe I should have got her at last, had not she been carried off by a hard frost."

As Will's transitions are extremely quick, he turned from Sir Roger, and, applying himself to me, told me there was a passage in the book I had considered last Saturday,[6] which deserved to be writ in letters of gold: and taking out a pocket Milton,[7] read the following lines, which are part of one of Adam's speeches to Eve after the fall:

"———— Oh! why did our
Creator wise! that peopled highest heaven
With spirits masculine, create at last
This novelty on earth, this fair defect
Of nature, and not fill the world at once
With men, as angels, without feminine?
Or find some other way to generate
Mankind? This mischief had not then befall'n,
And more that shall befall, innumerable
Disturbances on earth through female snares,
And straight conjunction with this sex: for either
He shall never find out fit mate; but such
As some misfortune brings him, or mistake;
Or whom he wishes most shall seldom gain,
Through her perverseness, but shall see her gain'd
By a far worse: or, if she love, withheld
By parents; or his happiest choice too late
Shall meet already link'd, and wedlock bound
To a fell adversary, his hate or shame:
Which infinite calamity shall cause
To human life, and household peace confound."

Sir Roger listened to this passage with great attention; and, desiring Mr. Honeycomb to fold down a leaf at the place, and lend him his book, the knight put it up in his pocket, and told us that he would read over these verses again before he went to bed.

No 37. Sir Roger at Spring Garden

SPECTATOR No. 383. *Tuesday, May* 20, 1712

Crimnibus debent hortos. ——[1]
Juv. Sat. i. 75.

As I [illegible] a subject for my next Spectator, I heard two or three irregular bounces at my landlady's door, and upon the opening of it, a loud cheerful voice inquiring [illegible] The child who went to the door answered very innocently, that he did not lodge there. I immediately recollected that it was my good friend Sir Roger's voice; and that I had promised to go with him on the water to Spring Garden,[2] in case it proved a good evening. The knight put me in mind of my promise from the bottom of the staircase, but told me, that if I was speculating, he would stay below till I had done. Upon my coming down, I found all the children of the family got about my old friend; and my landlady herself, who is a notable prating gossip, engaged in a conference with him; [illegible] boy on the head, and bidding him to be a good child and mind his book.

We were no sooner come to the Temple-stairs, but [illegible] offering us their respective services. Sir Roger,

after having looked about him very attentively, spied one with a wooden leg, and immediately gave him orders to get his boat ready. As we were walking towards it, "You must know," says Sir Roger, "I never make use of anybody to row me, that has not lost either a leg or an arm. I would rather hate him a few strokes of his oar than not employ an honest man that has been wounded in the Queen's service. If I was a lord of a bishop, and kept a barge, I would not put a fellow in my livery that had not a wooden leg."

My old friend, after having seated himself, and trimmed the boat with his coachman, who, being a very sober man, always serves for ballast on these occasions, we made the best of our way for Westminster. Sir Roger ordered the coachman to give the boy a shilling, and bade me observe the man's wooden leg; and, hearing that he had left it at [illegible] with many particulars which passed in that glorious action. The sailor, at the conclusion of his story, made several reflections on the greatness of the British nation; as, that one Englishman could beat three Frenchmen; that we could never be in danger of popery so long as we took care of our fleet; that the Thames was the noblest river in Europe; that London bridge was a greater piece of work than any of the seven wonders of the world; with many other honest prejudices which naturally cleave to the heart of a true Englishman.

about his head twice or thrice, to take a survey of this great metropolis, bid me observe how thick the city was set with churches, and that there was scarce a single steeple on this side Temple-bar. "A most heathenish sight!" says Sir Roger: "there is no religion at this end of the town. The fifty new churches will very much mend the prospect; but church-work is slow, church-work is slow."

I do not remember I have anywhere mentioned in Sir Roger's character, his custom of saluting everybody that passes by him with a good-morrow, or a good-night. This the old man does out of the overflowings of his humanity; though, at the same time, it renders him so popular among all his country neighbors, that it is thought to have gone a good way in making him once or twice knight of the shire. He cannot forbear this exercise of benevolence even in town, when he meets with any one in his morning or evening walk. It broke from him to several boats that passed by us on the water, but, to the knight's great surprise, as he gave the good-night to two or three young fellows a little before our landing, one of them, instead of returning the civility, asked us, what queer old put we had in the boat? with a great deal of the like Thames-ribaldry. Sir Roger seemed a little shocked at first, but at length assuming a face of magistracy, told us, that if he were a Middlesex justice, he would make such vagrants know that her majesty's

subjects were no more to be abused by water than by land.

We were now arrived at Spring-garden, which is exquisitely pleasant at this time of the year. When I considered the fragrancy of the walks and bowers, with the choirs of birds, that sung upon the trees, and the loose tribe of people that walked under their shades, I could not but look upon the place as a kind of Mahometan paradise. Sir Roger told me it put him in mind of a little coppice by his house in the country, which his chaplain used to call an aviary of nightingales. "You must understand," says the knight, "that there is nothing in the world that pleases a man in love so much as your nightingale. Ah, Mr. Spectator, the many moonlight nights that I have walked by myself, and thought on the widow by the music of the nightingale!" He here fetched a deep sigh, and was falling into a fit of musing, when a mask,[5] who came behind him, gave him a gentle tap upon the shoulder, and asked him if he would drink a bottle of mead with her? But the knight being startled at so unexpected a familiarity, and displeased to be interrupted in his thoughts of the widow, told her she was a wanton baggage, and bid her go about her business

We concluded our walk with a glass of Burton ale and a slice of hung beef. When we had done eating ourselves, the knight called a waiter to him

and bid him carry the remainder to the waterman that had but one leg. I presently took the fellow stared upon him at the oddness of the message, and was going to be saucy; upon which I rattled the knight's commands with a peremptory look.

No. 38. On Good-humor

SPECTATOR No. 424. *Monday July* 7, 1712

Est Ulubris, animus si te non deficit æquus.[1]
Hor. Ep. xi. Lib. 1. 30.

"MR. SPECTATOR, LONDON, June 24.

"A man who has it in his power to choose his own company, would certainly be much to blame, should he not, to the best of his judgment, take such as are of a temper most suitable to his own; and where that choice is wanting, or where a man is mistaken in his choice, and yet under a necessity of continuing in the same company, it will certainly be his interest to carry himself as easily as possible. "In this I am sensible I do but repeat what has been said a thousand times, at which however I think nobody has any title to take exception, but they who never failed to put this in practice. — Not to use any longer preface this being the season of the year in which great numbers of all sorts of people retire from this place of business and pleasure to country solitude, I think it not improper to

advise them to take with them as great a stock of good-humor as they can; for though a country life is described as the most pleasant of all others, and though it may in truth be so, yet it is so only to those who know how to enjoy leisure and retirement.

"As for those who cannot live without the constant helps of business or company, let them consider, that in the country there is no Exchange, there are no playhouses, no variety of coffee-houses, nor many of those other amusements which serve here as so many reliefs from the repeated occurrences in their own families; but that there the greatest part of their time must be spent within themselves, and consequently it behooves them to consider how agreeable it will be to them before they leave this dear town.

"I remember, Mr. Spectator, we were very well entertained last year, with the advices you gave us from Sir Roger's country-seat; which I the rather mention, because it is almost impossible not to live pleasantly, where the master of the family is such a one as you there describe your friend, who cannot therefore (I mean as to his domestic character) be too often recommended to the imitation of others. How amiable is that affability and benevolence with which he treats his neighbors, and every one, even the meanest of his own family! and yet how seldom imitated! Instead of which we commonly meet with ill-natured expostulations, noise, and chidings

—And this I hinted, because the humor and disposition of the head is what chiefly influences all the other parts of a family.

"An agreement and kind correspondence between friends and acquaintance is the greatest pleasure of life. This is an undoubted truth; and yet any man who judges from the practice of the world will be almost persuaded to believe the contrary; for how can we suppose people should be so industrious to make themselves uneasy?" What can engage them to entertain and foment jealousies of one another upon every the least occasion? Yet so it is, there are people who (as it should seem) delight in being troublesome and vexatious, who (as Tully[2] speaks) *Mirâ sunt alacritate ad litigandum*, "have a certain cheerfulness in wrangling." And thus it happens, that there are very few families in which there are not feuds and animosities; though it is every one's interest, there more particularly, to avoid them, because there (as I would willingly hope) no one gives another uneasiness without feeling some share of it. But I am gone beyond what I designed, and had almost forgot what I chiefly proposed: which was, barely to tell you how hardly we, who pass most of our time in town, dispense with a long vacation in the country, how uneasy we grow to ourselves, and to one another, when our conversation is confined; insomuch that, by Michaelmas,[3] it is odds but we come to downright squabbling, and

make as free with one another to our faces as we do with the rest of the world behind their backs. After I have told you this, I am to desire that you would now and then give us a lesson of good-humor, a family-piece, which, since we are all very fond of you, I hope may have some influence upon us.

"After these plain observations, give me leave to give you an hint of what a set of company of my acquaintance, who are now gone into the country, and have the use of an absent nobleman's seat, have settled among themselves, to avoid the inconveniences above mentioned. They are a collection of ten or twelve, of the same good inclination towards each other, but of very different talents and inclinations; from hence they hope that the variety of their tempers will only create variety of pleasures. But as there always will arise, among the same people, either for want of diversity of objects, or the like causes, a certain satiety, which may grow into ill-humor or discontent, there is a large wing of the house which they design to employ in the nature of an infirmary. Whoever says a peevish thing, or acts anything which betrays a sourness or indisposition to company, is immediately to be conveyed to his chambers in the infirmary; from whence he is not to be relieved, till by his manner of submission, and the sentiments expressed in his petition for that purpose, he appears to the majority of the company to be again fit for society. You are to

understand, that all ill-natured words or uneasy gestures are sufficient cause for banishment; speaking impatiently to servants, making a man repeat what he says, or anything that betrays inattention or dishumor, are also criminal without reprieve. But it is provided, that whoever observes the ill-natured fit coming upon himself, and voluntarily retires, shall be received at his return from the infirmary with the highest marks of esteem. By these and other wholesome methods, it is expected that if they cannot cure one another, yet at least they have taken care that the ill-humor of one shall not be troublesome to the rest of the company. There are many other rules which the society have established for the preservation of their ease and tranquillity, the effects of which, with the incidents that arise among them, shall be communicated to you from time to time, for the public good, by, Sir,

"Your most humble servant,

"R. O."

No 39. The Death of Sir Roger

SPECTATOR No. 517. *Thursday, October* 23, 1712

Heu pietas! heu prisca fides![1] ———
Virg. Æn. vi. 878.

WE last night received a piece of ill news at our club which very sensibly afflicted every one of us. I question not but my readers themselves will be

troubled at the hearing of it. To keep them no longer in suspense, Sir Roger de Coverley is dead. He departed this life at his house in the country, after a few weeks' sickness. Sir Andrew Freeport has a letter from one of his correspondents in those parts, that informs him the old man caught a cold at the county-sessions, as he was very warmly promoting an address of his own penning, in which he succeeded according to his wishes. But this particular comes from a Whig justice of peace, who was always Sir Roger's enemy and antagonist. I have letters both from the chaplain and Captain Sentry, which mention nothing of it, but are filled with many particulars to the honor of the good old man. I have likewise a letter from the butler, who took so much care of me last summer when I was at the knight's house. As my friend the butler mentions, in the simplicity of his heart, several circumstances the others have passed over in silence, I shall give my reader a copy of his letter, without any alteration or diminution.

"HONORED SIR,

"Knowing that you was my old master's good friend, I could not forbear sending you the melancholy news of his death, which has afflicted the whole country, as well as his poor servants, who loved him, I may say, better than we did our lives. I am afraid he caught his death the last county-

sessions, where he would go to see justice done to a poor widow woman, and her fatherless children, that had been wronged by a neighboring gentleman; for you know, sir, my good master was always the poor man's friend. Upon his coming home, the first complaint he made was, that he had lost his roast-beef stomach, not being able to touch a sirloin, which was served up according to custom; and you know he used to take great delight in it. From that time forward he grew worse and worse, but still kept a good heart to the last. Indeed we were once in great hope of his recovery, upon a kind message that was sent him from the widow lady whom he had made love to the forty last years of his life; but this only proved a lightning before death. He has bequeathed to this lady, as a token of his love, a great pearl necklace, and a couple of silver bracelets set with jewels, which belonged to my good old lady his mother. He has bequeathed the fine white gelding that he used to ride a hunting upon to his chaplain, because he thought he would be kind to him; and has left you all his books. He has moreover, bequeathed to the chaplain a very pretty tenement with good lands about it. It being a very cold day when he made his will, he left for mourning to every man in the parish, a great frieze-coat, and to every woman a black riding-hood. It was a moving sight to see him take leave of his poor servants, commending us all for our fidelity,

whilst we were not able to speak a word for weeping. As we most of us are grown gray-headed in our dear master's service, he has left us pensions and legacies, which we may live very comfortably upon the remaining part of our days. He has bequeathed a great deal more in charity, which is not yet come to my knowledge, and it is peremptorily said in the parish, that he has left money to build a steeple to the church; for he was heard to say some time ago, that, if he lived two years longer, Coverley church should have a steeple to it. The chaplain tells everybody that he made a very good end, and never speaks of him without tears. He was buried, according to his own directions, among the family of the Coverleys, on the left hand of his father Sir Arthur. The coffin was carried by six of his tenants, and the pall held up by six of the quorum. The whole parish followed the corpse with heavy hearts, and in their mourning suits; the men in frieze, and the women in riding-hoods. Captain Sentry, my master's nephew, has taken possession of the Hall-house, and the whole estate. When my old master saw him, a little before his death, he shook him by the hand, and wished him joy of the estate which was falling to him, desiring him only to make a good use of it, and to pay the several legacies, and the gifts of charity, which he told him he had left as quit-rents upon the estate. The captain truly seems a courteous man, though he says but little

He makes mirth of those whom my master loved, and does great kindness to the old housedog that you know my poor master was so fond of. It would have gone to your heart to have heard the moans the dumb creature made on the day of my master's death. He has not tasted victuals since: no more has any of us. It was the melancholiest day for the poor people that ever happened in Worcestershire. This being all from, Honored Sir,

"Your most sorrowful servant,

"EDWARD BISCUIT."

"P. S. My master died soon after he writ the letter to you. He desired that a book, which comes up to you by the carrier, should be given to Sir Andrew. I report in his name."

This letter notwithstanding the poor butler's manner of writing it, gave us such an idea of our good old friend that upon the reading of it there was not a dry eye in the club. Sir Andrew, opening the book, found it to be a collection of acts of parliament. There was in particular the Act of Uniformity, with some passages in it marked by Sir Roger's own hand. Sir Andrew found that they related to two or three points which he had disputed with Sir Roger, the last time he appeared at the club. Sir Andrew, who would have been merry at such an incident on another occasion, at the sight of the old man's writing burst into tears, and put

the book into his pocket. Captain Sentry informs me that the knight has left rings and mourning for every one in the club.

No. 40. A Letter from Captain Sentry

SPECTATOR No. 544. *Monday, November* 24, 1712

Nunquam ita quisquam benè subductâ ratione ad vitam fuit,
Quin res, ætas, usus semper aliquid apportet novi,
Aliquid moneat: ut illa quæ te scire credas, nescias;
Et, quæ tibi putaris prima, in experiundo ut repudies.[1]
Ter. Adelph. Act. v. Sc. 4.

THERE are, I think, sentiments in the following letter from my friend Captain Sentry, which discover a rational and equal frame of mind, as well prepared for an advantageous as an unfortunate change of condition.

Coverley-hall, November 15,
WORCESTERSHIRE.

"SIR,

"I am come to the succession of the estate of my honored kinsman, Sir Roger de Coverley; and I assure you I find it no easy task to keep up the figure of master of the fortune which was so handsomely enjoyed by that honest plain man. I cannot (with respect to the great obligations I have, be it spoken) reflect upon his character, but I am confirmed in the truth which I have, I think, heard

spoken at the club; to wit, that a man of a warm and well-disposed heart, with a very small capacity, is highly superior in human society to him who, with the greatest talents, is cold and languid in his affections. But alas! why do I make a difficulty in speaking of my worthy ancestor's failings? His little absurdities and incapacity for the conversation of the politest men are clad with love, and his greater qualities are even now useful to him. I know not whether by untruths those debilities I do not enhance his merit, since he has left behind him a reputation in his country, which would be worth the pains of the wisest man's whole life to arrive at.

By the way, I must observe to you that many of your readers have mistook that passage in your writings, wherein Sir Roger is reported to have intruded into the private character of the young woman at the tavern. I know you mentioned that circumstance as an instance of the simplicity and innocence of his mind, which made him imagine it a very easy thing to reclaim one of those criminals, and not as any inclination in him to be guilty with her. The less discerning of your readers cannot enter into that delicacy of description in the character; but indeed my chief business at this time is to represent to you my present state of mind, and the satisfaction I promise to myself in the possession of my new fortune. I have continued all Sir Roger's servants, except such as it was a relief to dismiss into

little beings[2] within my manor. Those who are in a list of the good knight's own hand to be taken care of by me. I have quartered upon such as have taken new leases of me, and added so many advantages during the lives of the persons so quartered, that it is the interest of those whom they are joined with to cherish and befriend them upon all occasions. I find a considerable sum of ready money, which I am laying out among my dependants at the common interest, but with a design to lend it according to their merit, rather than according to their ability. I shall lay a tax upon such as I have highly obliged, to become security to me for such of their own poor youth, whether male or female, as want help towards getting into some being in the world.[3] I hope I shall be able to manage my affairs so as to improve my fortune every year by doing acts of kindness. I will lend my money to the use of none but indigent men, secured by such as have ceased to be indigent by the favor of my family or myself. What makes this the more practicable is, that if they will do any good with my money, they are welcome to it upon their own security: and I make no exceptions against it, because the persons who enter into the obligations do it for their own family. I have laid out four thousand pounds this way, and it is not to be imagined what a crowd of people are obliged by it. In cases where Sir Roger has recommended, I have

lent money to put out children with a clause which makes void the obligation in case the infant[4] dies before he is out of his apprenticeship;[5] by which means the kindred and masters are extremely careful of breeding him to industry, that he may re-pay it himself by his labor, in three years' journey work[6] after his time is out, for the use of his securities. Opportunities of this kind are all that have occurred since I came to my estate; but I assure you I will preserve a constant disposition to catch at all the occasions I can to promote the good and happiness of my neighborhood.

"But give me leave to lay before you a little establishment which has grown out of my past life, that I doubt not will administer great satisfaction to me in that part of it, whatever that is, which is to come.

"There is a prejudice in favor of the way of life to which a man has been educated, which I know not whether it would not be faulty to overcome. It is like a partiality to the interest of one's own country before that of any other nation. It is from an habit of thinking, grown upon me from my youth spent in arms, that I have ever held gentlemen, who have preserved modesty, good-nature, justice, and humanity, in a soldier's life, to be the most valuable and worthy persons of the human race. To pass through imminent dangers, suffer painful watchings, frightful alarms, and laborious marches, for the

greater part of a man's time, and pass the rest in sobriety conformable to the rules of the most virtuous civil life, is a merit too great to deserve the treatment it usually meets with among the other parts of the world. But I assure you, sir, were there not very many who have this worth, we could never have seen the glorious events [7] which we have in our days. I need not say more to illustrate the character of a soldier than to tell you he is the very contrary to him you observe loud, saucy, and overbearing, in a red coat about town. But I was going to tell you that, in honor of the profession of arms, I have set apart a certain sum of money for a table for such gentlemen as have served their country in the army, and will please from time to time to sojourn all, or any part of the year, at Coverley. Such of them as will do me that honor shall find horses, servants, and all things necessary for their accommodation and enjoyment of all the conveniencies of life in a pleasant various country. If Colonel Camperfelt [8] be in town, and his abilities are not employed another way in the service, there is no man would be more welcome here. That gentleman's thorough knowledge in his profession, together with the simplicity of his manners and goodness of his heart, would induce others like him to honor my abode; and I should be glad my acquaintance would take themselves to be invited, or not, as their characters have an affinity to his.

"I would have all my friends know, that they need not fear although I am become a country gentleman I will trespass against their temperance and sobriety. No, sir I shall return so much of the good sentiments for the conduct of life, which we cultivated in each other at our club as to contemn all inordinate pleasures, but perpetually remember, with our beloved Tully that the delight in food consists in desire, not satiety. They who most passionately pursue pleasure seldomest arrive at it. Now I am writing to a philosopher I cannot forbear mentioning the satisfaction I took in the passage I read yesterday in the same Tully. A nobleman of Athens made a compliment to Plato the morning after he had supped at his house. 'Your entertainments do not only please when you give them, but also the day after.' I am,

"My worthy friend,

"Your most obedient humble servant,

"WILLIAM SENTRY."

NOTES

No. 1

1. **March 1, 1710–11:** Before 1752, it was for many years customary in England to give two numbers for dates between January 1 and March 25; popular reckoning regarded January 1 as the beginning of the year, but the legal new year began March 25. In 1752 the Gregorian Calendar was adopted.

2. **Motto:** "He plans no flash to end in smoke, but smoke breaking into flame, to light the further wonders of his show."

3. **Black:** Dark, of hair or complexion.

4. **My own history:** This "history" is of course fictitious, but to the imaginary character he describes Addison attributed some of his own characteristics. Macaulay says, "It is not easy to doubt that the portrait was meant to be in some features a likeness of the painter."

5. **William the Conqueror's time:** William, Duke of Normandy, came to England in 1066, defeated King Harold in the battle of Hastings, and made himself king of England. He died in 1087.

6. **Depending:** Pending.

7. **The controversies of some great men, etc.:** About sixty years before, John Greaves, an Oriental scholar, had published a book entitled *Pyramidographia or a Discourse on the Pyramids of Egypt*. In 1706 appeared a pamphlet on the same subject.

8. **Will's:** Will's Coffee-house, the favorite resort of men of letters. In Addison's time the coffee and chocolate houses of London were popular places of resort, corresponding to the clubs of to-day.

9. **Child's:** A coffee-house frequented by clergymen, lawyers, physicians, and philosophers.

10. **Postman:** A popular newspaper of the day.

11. **St. James's:** A coffee-house which was the resort of Whig politicians.

12. The Grecian: The first coffee-house opened in London. It was kept by a Greek named Constantine, hence its name. It was patronized by lawyers and men of learning.

13. The Cocoa-tree: A chocolate-house favored by men of fashion. It was the Tory headquarters as St. James was the Whig.

14. Drury Lane and the Haymarket: The two London theaters of the day.

15. Jonathan's: A coffee-house where stock brokers and business men assembled.

16. Blots: In backgammon, a "blot" is to leave a single piece exposed.

17. Whigs and Tories: The two leading political parties of England. The Whigs are Liberals and the Tories Conservatives, and the two parties have been opposed on questions of policy and government for more than two hundred years. How did each of these parties regard the American colonists and the Revolution?

18. Points which I have not spoken to: Points which I have not discussed. We still say we "speak to the point." What meaning has this phrase?

19. Mr. Buckley's: Mr. Samuel Buckley was the first publisher of the *Spectator*.

20. Little Britain: A short street in London, so called because it had been the residence of the Dukes of Brittany. In the seventeenth century it was the headquarters of publishers and booksellers. Read Irving's description of it in the Sketch Book.

No. 2.

1. Motto: "Six others and more shout with one voice."

2. Our Society: These characters are all imaginary. Addison says later "I have shown in a former paper with how much care I have avoided all such thoughts as are loose, obscene, or immoral; and I believe my reader would still think the better of me if he knew the pains I am at in qualifying what I write after such a manner that nothing may be interpreted as aimed at private persons." His words apply to the persons described by Steele as members of the club.

3. Worcestershire: A county in the western part of England.

4. **Sir Roger de Coverley:** Steele says it was Swift who proposed this name for the country squire.

5. **That famous country dance:** a country dance — or *contre danse* as the French term it — is a dance in which partners stand opposite each other, as in the Virginia reel. The "Sir Roger de Coverley" was a popular dance of Addison's day, to a tune called *Roger a Coverley*, from a certain knight of the time of Richard I.

6. **Soho Square.** A square in London, a very fashionable residence section in the early part of the eighteenth century.

7. **Lord Rochester:** The Earl of Rochester was a famous wit, a favorite of Charles II. He composed the well-known mock epitaph on his royal master:

> "Here lies my sovereign lord, the king,
> Whose word no man relies on,
> Who never said a foolish thing
> And never did a wise one."

8. **Sir George Etherege:** A wit and dramatist of the time of Charles II.

9. **Bully Dawson:** A noted sharper and swaggerer of the reign of Charles II.

10. **In and out:** In and out of fashion.

11. **Justice of the quorum:** Justice of the peace.

12. **Quarter session:** The court held quarterly by the justices of the peace in counties.

13. **The game act:** The law which defined what persons had the privilege of keeping guns and bows and having hunting grounds. Notice the gentle sarcasm of this sentence.

14. **Inner Temple:** One of the four Inns of Court or legal societies of London, which have the right of admitting students to the bar. The others are the Middle Temple, Lincoln's Inn, and Gray's Inn.

15. **Aristotle:** a Greek philosopher of the fourth century before Christ.

16. **Longinus:** A Greek philosopher and critic who lived in the third century of the Christian era.

17. **Littleton:** An English judge of the fifteenth century, author of a celebrated law treatise.

18. **Coke:** An English chief justice of the sixteenth century, who wrote a commentary on Littleton's work, which is an English authority on law.

19. **Demosthenes:** The greatest Greek orator, who lived in the fourth century before Christ.

20. **Tully:** Marcus Tullius Cicero, now usually called Cicero, the greatest of the Roman orators. He lived in the century before Christ.

21. **Wit:** Intellect, ability.

22. **The time of the play:** Theatrical performances then began at five or six o'clock in the afternoon.

23. **New Inn:** A precinct of the Middle Temple.

24. **Russell Court:** A narrow passage leading from Drury Lane.

25. **The Rose:** A noted tavern, adjoining Drury Lane theater, which was a popular resort for playgoers.

26. **Invincible:** Not to be overcome.

27. **Humorists:** Persons who conduct themselves according to their own whims, or humors, rather than according to received conventions.

28. **Habits:** Styles of dress.

29. **Will take notice to you:** Will call to your notice.

30. **Duke of Monmouth:** James Stuart Duke of Monmouth, was a son of Charles II. He asserted his claim to the throne against the Duke of York, afterwards James II, and in 1685 invaded England with a band of armed exiles. He was defeated at Sedgemoor and was executed a few days later.

No. 3.

1. **Motto:** "They believed it a crime and one to be atoned for with death, if a youth did not rise in the presence of an old man."

2. **Lincoln's Inn Fields:** A public square in London. It is now a beautiful park, but at the time of which Steele writes it was the favorite haunt of wrestlers, beggars, and idle men and boys of the lower classes.

3. **Intentively:** Attentively.

4. **Pass upon:** Pass with.

5. **Sir Richard Blackmore:** A physician and a poet, a contemporary of Addison and Steele. It is said that this passage, quoted inaccurately and probably from memory, is from the preface to one of his poems.

6. **Mode and gallantry:** Fashion and good breeding or politeness.

7. **Quality:** Rank.

8. **The Lacedæmonians, etc.**: The strict code of Lacedæmon, or Sparta, inculcated, among other virtues, reverence for old age and undaunted courage.

No. 4.

1. **Motto**: "The wild beast spares one with spots like its own," that is, spares its own kind.

2. **Softest**: Most delicate, most courteous.

3. **The opera and the puppet-show**: These subjects had been discussed in characteristic fashion in previous numbers of the *Spectator*, especially in one the week before.

4. **The dress and equipage, etc.**: The reference is to Number Sixteen of the *Spectator*.

5. **The Templar**: The member of the Temple mentioned in Number Two.

6. **Horace**: A Latin satirical poet of the first century before Christ.

7. **Juvenal**: Another Roman satirical poet. He lived in the second century of the Christian era.

8. **Boileau**: A French poet and prose writer, author of satires, who lived in the seventeenth century.

9. **The Roman triumvirate**: The second triumvirate, consisting of Antony, Lepidus, and Octavianus or Augustus. See *Julius Cæsar*, Act IV, Scene 1.

10. **Punch**: The chief character in the puppet-show *Punch and Judy*. He frequently indulged in personalities and coarse jests.

No. 5.

1. **Motto**: "Unbred to spinning, in the loom unskilled." Dryden. Literally, "She had not used her woman's hands to the distaff and the skeins of Minerva."

2. **A lady's library**: In 1714 Steele published a three-volume compilation entitled *The Ladies' Library*.

3. **Great jars of china**: China collecting was a fashionable fad of the day.

4. **Scaramouches**: A buffoon in Italian farce and comedy.

5. **Fagots**: Persons hired to take the places of others in a muster.

6. **Ogleby's Virgil**: The first complete English translation of the works of Virgil, a famous Roman poet.

7. Dryden's Juvenal: A translation by Dryden, a celebrated English poet.

8. Cassandra, Cleopatra, Astræ: Popular French romances.

9. Sir Isaac Newton: An English philosopher of the seventeenth century.

10. The grand Cyrus: A French romance in ten volumes.

11. Pembroke's Arcadia: A prose romance by Sir Philip Sidney, famous English author and soldier of the sixteenth century. It was published after his death by his sister, the Countess of Pembroke.

12. Locke: An English philosopher of the seventeenth century.

13. Patches: Small pieces of silk or courtplaster stuck on the face, according to the fashion of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries.

14. Sherlock: A famous English divine of the seventeenth century.

15. The Fifteen Comforts of Matrimony: An English version of a French volume entitled, *Quinze Joies de Mariage*.

16. Sir William Temple: An English author and statesman of the seventeenth century.

17. Malebranche: A French philosopher of the seventeenth century.

18. The Ladies' Calling: A popular moralizing volume of the seventeenth century.

19. Durfey: A writer of songs and plays in the reign of Charles II.

20. Elzevirs: Editions, especially of the classics, printed and published by the Elzevir family of Holland in the seventeenth century.

21. By the same hand: That of the carpenter.

22. Clelia: Another French romance, in ten volumes.

23. Baker's Chronicle: A history of England by Sir Richard Baker, published in 1643.

24. Advice to a Daughter: This was by George Savile, Marquis of Halifax, an English statesman and author of the seventeenth century.

25. The New Atalantis: A book by Mr. Manley, which attacked, under feigned names, members of prominent Whig families, — hence the need of a "key."

26. Steele's Christian Hero: A treatise by Richard

Steele. Addison's friend, associated with him in the authorship of these papers.

27. **Hungary water:** A distilled "water" made of alcohol flavored with rosemary and lavender, used as a perfume and a medicine.

28. **Dr. Sacheverell's speech:** Dr. Sacheverell was a Tory clergyman impeached by the Whigs on account of his political sermons. The case caused great excitement and his speech during his trial was read with much interest.

29. **Fielding's trial:** An account of the trial for bigamy of a certain Robert Fielding.

30. **Seneca:** A Roman moralist of the first century.

31. **Taylor:** Dr. Jeremy Taylor, an eloquent English divine of the seventeenth century.

32. **Le Ferte:** A fashionable dancing-master of the day.

33. **Visitants:** Visitors.

34. **Turtles:** Turtle doves.

No. 6.

1. **Motto:** "Here plenty's liberal horn shall pour of fruits for thee a copious shower, rich honors of the quiet plain."

2. Dr. Fleetwood.

3. **Archbishop Tillotson, etc.:** Distinguished divines of the day.

No. 7.

1. **Motto:** "The Athenians erected a colossal statue to Æsop and placed him, a slave, on a lasting pedestal, to show that the way to honor lies open to all."

2. **Husband:** Manager, economist. We still use the verb in this sense in the phrase "to husband one's resources."

3. **Fine:** A legal term for a sum of money paid by a tenant when he made over his lands to another.

4. **Falls:** Terminates, ends.

5. **Prentice:** apprentice.

6. **The dress he was in:** The livery of the servant.

No. 8.

1. **Motto:** "Out of breath to no purpose, and very busy about nothing."

2. **Quail-pipe:** A pipe for luring quails into a net.

No. 9.

1. **Motto:** "Of plain good sense, untutored in the schools"; literally, "wise, not according to rule."

2. **Harry the Seventh:** Henry VII (1457–1509), King of England, the first of the royal house of Tudor.

3. **The yeomen of the guard:** The bodyguard of the English king, who are clad in dress of the costume of the sixteenth century.

4. **Tilt-yard:** A place for tilting or jousting.

5. **Whitehall:** A royal palace in London. Through its old courtyard now passes the thoroughfare bearing that name.

6. **The coffee-house:** The tilt-yard coffee-house, which then stood on the present site of the Paymaster-General's office.

7. **The new-fashioned petticoat:** The fashionable skirt, very wide at the bottom.

8. **Brought:** Bore.

9. **White pot:** A kind of custard.

10. **Knight of this shire:** Representative in parliament of the county.

11. **Husbandman:** manager, economist.

12. **Such a:** A certain.

13. **Worcester:** A battle in 1651 between the Roundheads and the Royalists — that is, the partisans of the commonwealth and of the king.

No. 10.

1. **Motto:**

> "All things are full of horror and affright,
> And dreadful ev'n the silence of the night."
>
> — *Dryden.*

2. Psalm cxlvii. 9.

3. **John Locke** (1632–1704): A celebrated English philosopher, author of *Essay on Human Understanding*. The reference is to Book II, Chap. 33.

4. **Lucretius** (B.C. 95–52): A Roman poet.

5. **Josephus** (A.D. 37–?): A celebrated Jewish historian.

No. 11

1. **Motto:**

> "First, in obedience to thy country's rites,
> Worship the immortal gods."

No. 12.

1. **Motto:** Her looks abode deeply fixed in his heart.

2. **Assizes:** Sessions of court for the trial of civil and criminal cases.

3. **With a murrain to her:** An imprecation, equivalent to "Confound her." Murrain is a disease of cattle.

4. **Sphinx:** In Greek mythology the Theban Sphinx was a monster that propounded a riddle and slew those who failed to guess it. When it was solved by Œdipus, the Sphinx killed herself. The Sphinx is represented in Greek art by a monster having a human head and the body of a winged lion or dog. The Egyptian Sphinx had a human head and the animal body without wings.

5. **Tansy:** A favorite dish of the seventeenth century made of eggs, cream, sugar, and the juices of herbs, flavored with rose-water and baked in a shallow dish.

6. **Martial:** A Latin poet of the first century.

7. **Dum tacet hanc loquitur:** Even when silent he speaks of her.

8. **That whole epigram:** He omits, however, the two last lines.

No. 13.

1. **Motto:** "The shame and dread of poverty."

2. **Dipped:** Mortgaged.

3. **Usury:** Interest; especially, illegal interest.

4. **Proud stomach:** Proud obstinacy.

5. **Libertine:** Reckless.

6. **Four shillings in the pound:** This was the land tax in 1711, imposed on the income derived from land.

7. **Out of nature:** Unlike nature, unnatural.

8. **Mr. Cowley:** Abraham Cowley, an English poet of the seventeenth century.

9. **The elegant author, etc.:** Thomas Sprat, Bishop of Rochester, who wrote a life of Cowley and edited his works.

10. **"Great vulgar":** From the first lines of Cowley's paraphrase of one of Horace's odes: —

> "Hence, ye profane! I hate ye all:
> Both the great vulgar and the small."

No. 14.

1. **Motto:** "That there may be a sound mind in a sound body."

2. **Dr. Sydenham:** An eminent English physician of the seventeenth century.

3. **Medicina gymnastica:** *Exercise as Medicine*, by Francis Fuller, a clergyman of the sixteenth century.

4. **Latin treatise, etc.** A [illegible] *aquæ Aetiquas*, by Mercurialis, published in Venice in the sixteenth century.

No. 15.

1. **The Coverley Hunt.** [illegible] says that this paper written by Budgell, was rewritten by Addison. This number was probably turned over to Budgell in the first place because the description of the country gentleman of the day would be incomplete without an account of his field sports — a subject about which Addison knew little and cared less.

2. **Motto:** "Cithæron and the dogs of Taygetus call with a great cry."

3. **Bastile:** A prison in Paris destroyed by the mob at the outbreak of the French Revolution in 1789.

4. **Stone horse:** Stallion.

5. **Slow hounds:** Dogs trained to hunt slowly, stopping at the huntsman's signal.

6. **A complete concert:** In the days of Queen Anne as in the Shaksperian age great care was taken to match and to attune the voices of a pack of hounds. This point of excellence is now insisted upon by but few keepers of hounds.

7. **Counter tenor:** High tenor.

8. **Flew'd:** Having large flews or chops.

9. **Sanded:** Of a sandy color.

10. **Dewlapp'd:** Having dewlaps like an ox. The dewlap is the pendulous skin under the neck.

11. Act IV, Scene 1.

12. **Throw down his pole:** The huntsmen of the lower classes went on foot instead of horseback, being provided with long leaping poles to aid them in traveling the rough country.

13. **Monsieur Perrat:** A French philosopher and mathematician of the seventeenth century.

14. **The following lines, etc.** The lines quoted are from the *Epistle to John Dryden*.

No. 16.

1. **Motto:** "With voluntary streams they clear their minds."

2. **Venice Preserv'd** [illegible], a tragedy by Thomas Otway, a contemporary of Dryden.

No. 17.

1. **Motto:** "The fatal arrow sticks in his side."
2. **Salute:** Kiss.
3. **Whisperer:** Confidante, intimate friend.
4. **Addressed to:** Made love to.
5. **Presented:** Given presents.

No. 18.

1. **Motto.** "The city that they call Rome, O meibœus, I, silly one, thought like this country town of ours."

2. It must be remembered that Addison described the state of affairs before the steam and the electric car annihilated distances. Country neighborhoods, isolated by bad roads and the difficulties and even dangers of traveling, formed little worlds of their own, retaining fashions and manners so long supplanted in the fashionable world of London that their existence even had been forgotten.

3. **Laced:** Trimmed with gold lace.

4. **The Western circuit:** One of the eight judicial divisions of England and Wales.

No. 19.

1. **Motto:** "Truly, I believe their intelligence has something divine about it."

2. **Nicer frame:** Superior order.

No. 20.

1. **Motto:** "All things are full of Jove" that is of God.

2. **Monsieur Bayle:** Pierre Bayle, a French philosopher of the seventeenth century.

3. **Dampier:** William Dampier, an English navigator and buccaneer of the seventeenth century.

4. **Dr. More:** Henry More, an English divine and philosopher of the seventeenth century.

5. **Cardan:** Jerome Cardan, an Italian astrologer and scientist of the sixteenth century.

6. **Mr. Boyle:** Robert Boyle a celebrated natural philosopher of the seventeenth century.

7. **Royal Society:** A famous society of London founded in 1660 to promote scientific knowledge.

No. 21.

1. **Motto:** "An agreeable companion on the road is as good as a coach."

2. The old English law in force until 1827 provided that any one not having an income of one hundred pounds per annum must not shoot game

3. **Cast:** Defeat in a law suit.

No. 22.

1. **Motto:** "But learning improves natural talents and right cultivation strengthens the character; whenever morals have degenerated, vice disgraces noble birth."

2. **Gazette:** The *London Gazette* is the official journal of the British Government.

3. **Turned of forty:** Past forty.

4. "There is no dallying with life": There is no fooling with life when it is once turned beyond forty. — Cowley's *Essay on the Danger of Procrastination.*

5. **Closet:** Private room.

No. 23.

1. **Motto:**

"This thirst of kindred blood, my sons, detest,
Nor turn your face against your country's breast.
Dryden.

2. **The time:** *i.e.*, the period of the Puritan supremacy in England, when the Royalist party were called "Cavaliers" and the Puritans "Roundheads."

3. **Plutarch** (A.D. 50–?): A celebrated Greek philosopher and biographer. *Plutarch's Lives* is his famous work.

4. Viz., by Jesus Christ. See Luke vi. 27–32.

5. **Guelph and Ghibellines.** Two famous factions in the twelfth century, long at feud.

6. **League:** The Catholic League was formed by the Duke of Guise to aid the Catholic succession to the crown of Henry III of France (1576).

No. 24.

1. **Motto:** "Be he Trojan or Rutulian, I will make no distinction."

2. **Diodorus Siculus:** A Sicilian Greek of the first century before Christ, who wrote a *History of the World* in forty volumes.

3. Of a politer conversation: Of more refined manners.

4. **Cock match:** In the eighteenth century, cock fighting was one of the favorite amusements of country gentlemen

5. **Bad cheer:** Bad food.

6. **Bowling green:** A level piece of ground for bowling, a favorite game in England from the Middle Ages to the present time.

No. 25.

1 **Motto:**

"A plundering race, still eager to invade,
On spoil they live, and make of theft a trade."

2. **Slut:** An untidy woman, a slattern. — *Webster.*

3. **Cassandra.** A prophetess, from Cassandra, daughter of Priam, king of Troy, who received from the god Apollo the power of knowing futurity.

No. 26.

1. **Motto:** "Once more, ye woods, adieu."

2. **White witch:** "According to popular belief there were three classes of witches — white, black, and gray. The first helped, but could not hurt; the second the reverse; and the third did both. White spirits caused stolen goods to be restored; they charmed away diseases, and did other beneficent acts; neither did a little harmless mischief lie wholly out of their way." — *Sir Roger de Coverley, with notes by W. H. Wills.*

No. 27.

1. **Motto.** "That man who does not see what the occasion demands, and talks too much or is boastful, or has not due regard for the company he is in, — that man may be called impertinent."

2. **Chamberlain:** An upper servant.

3. **Mrs.:** Mistress; a title applied in Addison's time to unmarried as well as to married women.

4 **Ephraim** A common title for a Quaker. See Psalm lxxviii. 9.

5. **Half-pike.** A short pike, consisting of a staff with an iron head.

6. **Equipage:** Attendant, servant; generally used of a retinue or more than one.

7. **Invidious:** Disagreeable, hateful; usually, causing or prompted by envy.

8. **Smartness:** Acuteness. Compare the present American colloquial use of "smart" in the sense of "acute."

9. **Fleer:** Jeer.

10. **Hooped:** Fastened, as with a hoop.

11. **Our reckonings, apartments, etc.:** The journey from Worcestershire to London then occupied three days. The nights were spent at inns on the way.

12. **Disputes on the road:** Disputes with the drivers of vehicles they met as to which should take the best of the road. "On the best lines of communication," says Wills, "ruts were so deep and obstructions so formidable that it was only in fine weather that the whole breadth of the road was available; for on each side was often a quagmire of mud. Seldom could two vehicles pass each other unless one of them stopped."

No. 28.

1. **Motto:** "I remember these things and that the conquered Thyrsis contended in vain."

2. **The old Roman fable:** A Roman consul quoted this fable to the plebeians engaged against the patricians. See Livy's *History of Rome*, Book II, Chapter 32; also Coriolanus, Act I, Scene 1.

3. **Carthaginian faith:** *Punica fides* was used by the Romans to denote treachery, for Punic or Carthaginian faith they characterized as faithless.

4. **Account:** Calculation.

5. **Artificers:** Mechanics.

6. **Impertinently:** Unduly.

7. **Assurance:** Insurance.

8. **Custom:** Duty or tariff.

No. 29.

1. **Motto:**

"A hundred mouths, a hundred tongues,
And throats of brass inspired with iron lungs."
— *Dryden.*

2. **Ramage de la Ville:** Warblings of the city.

3. **Crack:** Crank.

4. **E-la:** Originally the highest note in the scale.

No. 30.

1. **Motto:** "Most rare is now our old simplicity." — *Dryden.*

2. **Prince Eugene:** During the War of the Spanish Succession, Prince Eugene commanded the army of Italy.

He afterward commanded the imperial army in Germany and shared with the Duke of Marlborough the glory of his victories. He came to England in 1712 to urge the prosecution of the war against France, and to use his efforts to restore Marlborough to the queen's favor.

3. Scanderbeg: George Castriota (1401?–1466). A celebrated Albanian chief. He was called Scanderbeg (Iskander Bey) by the Turks, with whom he long continued at war.

4. Dr. Barrow: A well-known divine of the time.

5. Hogs'-puddings: A sort of large sausage.

6. Smutting: Joking.

7. Late act: The act against occasional conformity.

8. Procession: The Pope's head in effigy was carried in procession to show opposition to the Catholic religion.

9. Baker's Chronicle of the Kings of England: The author was Sir Richard Baker (1568–1645).

10. Squires's: a popular coffee-house.

11. Supplement: A newspaper of the day.

No. 31.

1. Motto:

"But womankind, that never knows a mean,
Down to the dregs their sinking fortunes drain:
Hourly they give, and spend, and waste, and wear,
And think no pleasure can be bought too dear."

— *Dryden.*

2. Great climacteric: The ages of man obtained by multiplying 3, 5, 7, and 9 by 7 are called climacterics, of which the last, *i.e.*, 63, is called the great or grand climacteric.

3. Grand alliance: formed in 1701 between England, Holland, and Germany, to check the encroachments of the French king.

4. Grotius, Puffendorf: Eminent jurists of the seventeenth century.

5. Civilian: One skilled in civil law.

6. Socrates: Socrates, the Greek philosopher (470?–399), is one of the speakers in Plato's dialogue *Alcibiades*.

No. 32.

1. Motto:

"With Ancus, and with Numa, kings of Rome,
We must descend into the silent tomb."

2. Widow Truby's water: "One of the innumerable

'strong waters' drunk, it is said (perhaps libelously), chiefly by the fair sex as an 'extenuant'; the excuses being the colic and 'the vapors.'" — *Wills.*

3. Sickness: The plague.

4. Sir Cloudesley Shovel: A distinguished British admiral, who was commander-in-chief in the reign of Queen Anne. Returning from Gibraltar, his ship was lost on the Scilly Isles, and all on board perished. His body was afterward found and interred in Westminster Abbey, where a monument was erected to his memory.

5. Dr. Busby: For fifty-five years head-master of Westminster School.

6. This is a popular error, originating from the position of the figure in the monument to Elizabeth, youngest daughter of Lord John Russell (A.D. 1684).

7. The effigy of Henry V.

No. 33.

1. Motto: "Holds out his foolish beard for thee to pluck."

2. Lucian (120?–200?): A Greek satirical author.

3. Elian or Ælianus (c. A.D. 220): A Roman rhetorician.

4. Don Quevedo (1580–1645): A Spanish statesman and author.

5. Saxon heptarchy: The seven Saxon kingdoms of England before the Norman conquest.

6. Samuel Butler (1612–1680): An English satirical poet, the author of *Hudibras*, a famous satire on the Puritans.

7. Æsculapius: The Greek and Roman god of medicine.

No. 34.

1. Motto:

> "Keep Nature's great original in view,
> And thence the living images pursue."

2. "The Distrest Mother."

3. A comedy by Sir Robert Howard.

4. By the poet Ambrose Philips, a friend of Addison. The distressed mother was Andromache, wife of Hector of Troy.

5. Mohocks: Dissolute young men, who amused themselves by fighting and maiming harmless people in the streets.

6. **Steenkirk**: In Belgium, where the English, under William III, were defeated by the French in 1692.

7. **Smoke**: Sneer at, ridicule — an obsolete usage.

No. 35.

1. **Motto**: "Made up of nought but inconsistencies."

2. By A. Phillips, first published 1712.

3. **Author**: Steele; see the *Tatler* No. 38.

4. Eustace Budgell.

5. **Mrs. Oldfield** (1683-1730): A famous English actress of the time.

6. **Andromache**: The heroine of the play. Andromache was the wife of Hector of Troy in Homer's *Iliad*.

7. **Paul Lorrain**: The warden of Newgate Prison at this time. See the *Tatler*, No. 63.

No. 36.

1. **Motto**: "The savage lioness hunts the wolf, the wolf pursues the goat, the goat seeks the blossoming clover."

2. **Lay**: Bet.

3. **Put**: Clown.

4. **Jointure**: An estate settled on a wife.

5. **Lyon's Inn**. An inn belonging to the Inner Temple.

6. **The book I had considered last Saturday**: The tenth book of *Paradise Lost*, the subject of No. 357 of the *Spectator*.

7. **Milton**: John Milton, one of the greatest of English poets, author of *Paradise Lost*. The passage here is quoted incorrectly. Find and verify the quotation.

No. 37.

1. **Motto**: "A beauteous garden, but by vice maintained."

2. **Spring Garden**: Or Vauxhall. A famous pleasure resort on the Thames River, now vanished.

3. **La Hogue**. On the northwest of France, off which the English gained a splendid victory over the French fleet in 1692.

4. **Put**. Rustic clown. An obsolete word.

5. **Mask**. One who wears a mask.

No. 38.

1. **Motto**:

> "'Tis not the place disgust or pleasure brings.
> From our own mind our satisfaction springs."

2. **Tully**, Marcus Tullius Cicero (B.C. 106–43): A Roman orator.

3. **Michaelmas**: The feast of the archangel Michael; a church festival celebrated on the 29th of September, hence colloquially autumn.

No. 39.

1. **Motto**:

"Mirror of ancient faith!
Undaunted worth! Inviolable truth!"

— *Dryden.*

No. 40.

1. **Motto**: "No one ever had a plan of life so well arranged but that circumstances, age, experience may bring new knowledge, new aims; what you think you know, you may not know; and that you thought most desirable, on trial you may reject."

2. **Beings**: Abodes, places of residence.

3. **Into some being in the world**: Getting established in life.

4. **Infant**: A person who is under age.

5. **Apprenticeship**: According to the English law at that time no person was allowed to practice an art or trade who had not served an apprenticeship of seven years.

6. **Journey work**: Work of one who has learned his trade.

7. **Glorious events**: Consult histories and name some of the events to which Steele refers.

8. **Colonel Camperfelt**: Colonel Kempenfelt, lieutenant-governor of Jersey. It has been suggested that he was the model for Captain Sentry.

EXAMINATION QUESTIONS

BY

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No. 1. The Spectator's Account of Himself.

Compare the Spectator's account of himself with the story of Addison's life. How much may be considered autobiographical? What traits have the two in common? Describe the coffee-houses of the day, indicating their influence on men, manners, and literature, and comparing them with modern clubs. Give some account of those here mentioned, instancing Dryden's connection with Will's coffee-house. Justify the choice of "The Spectator" as a pen name.

In this, and in all succeeding papers, make notes of all obsolete or altered words and phrases, give their modern equivalents and show which is the more significant. In each paragraph note how transition is secured, indicate where it is placed, show whether it is perspective or retrospective, indicate an amplifying or a propositional paragraph; show how summarizing sentences or clauses are indicated. Keep a list of both transitional and summarizing expressions, indicating whether they are Addison's or Steele's.

No. 2. The Club.

What is Sir Roger's most marked trait? Do his eccentricities add to or detract from this? Compare this description with Addison's description of the Spectator. What differences and what similarity in the methods used? Com-

pare with Irving's description of Squire Bracebridge. Which of the other members are distinct personalities? Show wherein the club affords an excellent field for the Spectator's favorite pastime, observation. Criticise Sir Andrew's views on commerce and war, comparing with modern views, and with Tennyson's in the Princess, Canto V, ll. 409-413. Criticise Captain Sentry's views on the duty of pushing one's self forward. Compare Will Honeycomb with the others. Contrast all with Sir Roger, showing how all serve as foils for him.

No. 3. Unwise Ambition.

Explain what is meant by "parts." (Compare Locke's Essay on the Understanding, Sect. 2, "Parts.") Explain what is meant by "abuse of the understanding." Give, in your own words, Sir Roger's views as to why "only men of fine parts should be hanged." Criticise them. Criticise the statements, — "The affectation of being gay and in fashion has very near eaten up our good sense and our religion," — and "Nothing should be held laudable or becoming but what nature itself prompts us to think so."

No. 4. Sir Roger at the Club.

Compare the opening paragraph with your answer to the question, Wherein did the club offer an excellent field for the Spectator's favorite pastime, — observation? Compare the personality of the club members here, as shown by their comments, etc., with that given them by Steele in No. 2, indicating any differences, and showing if the unity of the character has been kept.

No. 5. A Lady's Library.

In the description of Leonora's library, what touches of sarcasm? Is it unkind? true of women to-day? What of her choice of books? Show humor in Addison's comments in various ones in the list. Compare Leonora's life with that of the perverse widow. Explain why the Spectator "looks upon her with a mixture of admiration and pity."

No. 6. Sir Roger at his Country House.

What has been told previously of Sir Roger as landlord and as master? Does it agree with what Addison says of him here? In Macaulay's Addison read paragraphs 85–89. Illustrate as far as possible what is said there of Addison's humor, from this and the succeeding sketches. What difference is there between the humor here and that of Steele in his description of the club members, in the interview with the widow, etc.? Show how the eccentricities spoken of by Steele in No. 2 are here developed by Addison. Criticise Sir Roger's choice of chaplain and his means of securing good sermons.

No. 7. Sir Roger's Servants.

Write a paragraph of 250 to 300 words, imitating as nearly as possible Addison's simplicity and directness of style, and making the paragraph complete on the theme, "Sir Roger as a Master." Criticise Sir Roger's way of rewarding faithful service. Show how the trait given by Steele as the central feature of his character persists throughout, as well as do his eccentricities. Compare this view by Steele with that in No. 6 by Addison.

No. 8. Will Wimble.

Show how the whole sketch shows the folly of the English feeling that "trade" is disgraceful. Is there anything malicious in it? If so, where? Show how Will Wimble harmonizes with Coverley Hall and its master. What makes the Spectator find him so interesting?

No. 9. Sir Roger's Ancestors.

Had you anticipated Sir Roger's pride in his ancestors? Why? Compare "the finest gentleman in the world" with Will Honeycomb. Do you find in Sir Roger any of the traits of his ancestors? If so, which? Compare him with Sir Humphrey.

No. 10. Ghosts.

Give the Spectator's explanation of how the majority of so-called ghosts come to exist. State briefly, and criticise his views as given in the last paragraph.

No. 11. A Sunday in the Country.

Criticise his views on the value of Sunday. Criticise the introduction and show how its close makes a good transition to the discussion. Give a brief account of the chaplain as he was before described. Show how what has been said before of the knight's character is evident here. Criticise the statement of the last paragraph, comparing it with our own times.

No. 12. Sir Roger and the Widow.

What has been said before of "the perverse widow"? Compare Sir Roger's own description of his youth with that given by Steele (No. 2). Is the widow as distinct a personality as the other characters? What is gained by having Sir Roger present the widow and his case to us? Compare the humor in this with that in "Sunday at Coverley Hall"; showing as nearly as possible wherein the difference lies. Show how Sir Roger here is consistent with himself as first shown. Report the interview as the widow might have told it to a friend.

No. 13. Economy.

What is meant by "economy" as here used? Show how the account of Laertes indicates the same sort of false pride that produces men like Will Wimble. Compare Steele's views on "economy" and on "vanity, riot and prodigality" with his actions in real life.

No. 14. Bodily Exercise.

In all the sketches henceforth, state how each is introduced. Compare this introduction with others by Addison so far given. Criticise his views as to the physical and moral

value of exercise. Outline the sketch, indicating in your outline all transitions.

No. 15. Sir Roger Hunting.

Criticise the introduction. What side of Sir Roger's character is here shown? Is there any inconsistency in this view of him, to justify the statement that Budgell has violated the knight's character? If so, where?

No. 16. On Witchcraft.

Give Addison's views on ghosts and the supernatural as before stated. Compare with the first two paragraphs here. Compare the account of Moll White and her doings with the Salem witchcraft tales. How do you explain their similarity? What is Sir Roger's attitude on the question? Compare the Spectator's explanation of this case with that of the Coverley ghost.

No. 17. Sir Roger in Love.

Compare this account of the widow with the previous. Why does not Sir Roger speak out and find out whether "she designs to marry me or she does not"? Show how this talk of the widow and her confidante forms a fit introduction. What parallel might be drawn between the widow and Kate Willow?

No. 18. Town and Country Manners.

Write a paragraph of 150 to 200 words, mainly of balanced sentences, contrasting country and city manners, and explaining the difference.

No. 19. Sir Roger's Poultry.

Account for the pleasure the Spectator finds in the study of animals. Outline the sketch, indicating transitions. Explain why instinct can be neither imitation nor reason; why he says it "rises infinitely above reason, yet falls infinitely short of it."

No. 20. Instinct in Animals.

What special feature of the subject is dwelt on here? Cite other instances of animals specially fitted for their means of life. How has his desire, as expressed at the close, been fulfilled?

No. 21. Sir Roger at the Assizes.

Criticise the introduction, showing how its theme applies to the subject. Indicate humorous touches in the account of the dispute and the knight's decision. Compare this view of Sir Roger at court with that where he first saw the widow. What is the special value of the "odd accident," related at the close?

No. 22. Eudoxus and Leontine.

How much of the introduction is true to-day? Why? Tell briefly the story, indicating the causes which led to the scheme, the conditions which made it a success, and showing the dangers which might have ensued.

No. 23. Party Spirit.

Compare this introduction with those by Addison. State briefly the evils of party spirit as here given. Add others. Are they greater or less to-day? Outline the sketch.

No. 24. Party Spirit Continued.

Show connection between this and No. 23. Compare Addison's scheme for clean politics with others before and since his time (Bacon's Atlantis, Moore's Utopia, Bellamy's Looking Backward). What is the point of his "form of association." What satire on English politics? Point of the account of the Ichneumon? What Tory principles has Sir Roger previously shown? Why is he here presented in his least attractive aspect?

No. 25. Sir Roger and the Gypsies.

Analyze the first paragraph, indicating topic sentence, means of development, transition words, relation of sentences,

etc. Show wherein Sir Roger's attitude is as characteristic as in the case of Moll White.

Write paragraphs of 100 to 150 words on these themes from the papers thus far studied: —

1. Sir Roger a typical old English country gentleman.
2. Sir Roger compared with Squire Bracebridge.
3. The Coverley church.
4. Will Wimble.
5. Types of country life.
6. Sir Roger's household.

No. 26. The Spectator's Reputation in the Country.

Show how the various speculations as to who and what the Spectator is, are typical of country life, both then and now. Explain his meaning in "get into the crowd in order to be alone." Show how Will Honeycomb's letter is characteristic of the writer.

No. 27. In a Stage-coach.

Compare the presentation of characters here with that in No. 2. Is it done by minute details or an impressionistic sketch? Show how each character is made individual. What comedy in the sketch? Compare with Sir Roger's visit to the widow. How is the Spectator true to his character? Compare this soldier with Captain Sentry. Criticise Friend Ephraim's views in the last paragraph.

No. 28. Sir Andrew Freeport on Merchants.

Is what he says in the introduction true elsewhere than in England? Defend your answer. Show how Will Wimble serves in a way to illustrate what he says of the conflict between trade and the gentry. Is Sir Roger's charge against merchants true? Are his objections to trade just? Defend your answer. Compare Sir Roger's and Sir Andrew's

schemes for charity, showing with reason which you consider the better. Read what Macaulay says of Addison's observation of the condition of the peasantry on the continent. Had Steele had any similar opportunity to lead him to these views of Sir Andrew's?

No. 29. The Cries of London.

Compare what is said of the effect of the cries of London with personal experience of the cries of some great city. Write a paragraph of about 250 words on "Street Cries." How many of the cries mentioned in Ralph Critchell's letters are familiar to you? Criticise the comments he makes on them, — his plan for regulating them. Specify the faults he finds in them. Traces of Addison's peculiar humor in the sketch.

No. 30. A Walk with Sir Roger.

Consult Macaulay's Essay, paragraph 45, for Addison's own relations with the Prince Eugene here mentioned. Compare Sir Roger's account of Christmas at the Hall with what Sir Andrew said of the knight's charity, No. 28. Show how, in his comments on the country people, the individuality of each is kept distinct. What evidences of Addison's humor in this presentation of Sir Roger?

No. 31. Pin Money.

Compare Mr. Fribble's predicament with that of the average husband of to-day. What impression is given of him? Of his wife? Indicate humorous touches. Show how the Spectator's decision to say nothing on either side is characteristic. Discuss present day methods of settling the question. Compare the young Squire's treatment of his intended with Sir Roger's plan for the widow. Do you imagine the latter lady knew of the plan? Why?

No. 32. Sir Roger in Westminster Abbey.

Compare this introduction with that of No. 30; how do both differ from the other sketches? What have the two in

common? In the entire sketch, which presents the knight at his best, indicate each touch that emphasizes his personality. Indicate whether the humor lies in actions and situations or in the author's manner of presentation. Distinguish exactly between wit, humor, and fun.

No. 33. Sir Roger and Beards.

Show whether or not the Sir Roger of this sketch is coincident with the one presented by Addison and Steele, and if not, why. Criticise the entire sketch as to its keeping with the general tone of the others, especially those which are not entirely on Sir Roger.

No. 34. Sir Roger at the Play.

Compare this view of Sir Roger with that at Westminster. Treat the entire sketch as you did No. 32. Consult Macaulay for an account of Addison's own dramatic work. Show especially how the knight's criticisms are characteristic of him. Sketch briefly Captain Sentry as shown here. Compare with account given of him in No. 2 and No. 28.

No. 35. Epilogues.

Explain purpose and nature of prologue and epilogue in Addison's time. In *Midsummer Night's Dream*, in the play acted by Bottom and his comrades, show how Shakespeare regarded them. Read those for some of his early plays. Give an account of Sir Roger's visit to the play. What seems to be the opinion here of the value of the epilogue? Traces of sarcasm? Of humor? Compare this comment on epilogue with the prologue in *Midsummer Night's Dream*.

No. 36. Will Honeycomb's Courtship.

Compare Budgell's treatment of Will Honeycomb with Steele's in No. 2. Compare this sketch for literary merit and consistency to types with Budgell's others, No. 15 and No. 33.

No. 37. Sir Roger at Spring Garden.

Treat this sketch as you did "Westminster" and "The Play." Compare his choice of the waterman with that of the cabman. Compare what was said of town and country manners, with this illustration of the two.

No. 38. On Good-humor.

What has been previously said about the relations between servant and master, guest and host, parson and landlord, at Coverley Hall? How does the Hall compare with other country-seats in this respect? Why is it especially advisable to be good humored in the country? Why is country life the most pleasant "only to those who know how to enjoy leisure and retirement"? Criticise the statement "the humor and disposition of the head of the house is what chiefly influences all the other parts of a family." "There are very few families in which there are not feuds and animosities." Discuss the value of the scheme to secure a pleasant stay in the country, by means of an infirmary for those whose tempers are sick. Outline the sketch.

No. 39. The Death of Sir Roger.

Show both the fitness and the value of letting the butler tell of Sir Roger's death. Show how his last days are entirely consistent with his character as before given. How is pathos secured? Compare Addison's pathos with his humor. What in this and all the sketches dealing with Sir Roger made people feel a personal friendship for him and a personal loss in his death?

No. 40. A Letter from Captain Sentry.

State all that has been said previously about Captain Sentry. Compare his letter with the butler's telling of Sir Roger's death, and with Will Honeycomb's telling of his retirement. Discuss his characterization of Sir Roger as "that honest, plain man." Discuss the truth of his estimate

of the relative values of the cold- and warm-hearted man. What "little absurdities" of Sir Roger had been spoken of. Criticise Captain Sentry's management of the estate; his plan for taxes and loans. Compare with Sir Andrew's plans. State why he thinks the soldier's profession the best; criticise his reasons. Show whether or not the whole letter is in keeping with what we have heard before of Captain Sentry.

Write complete paragraphs on these topics, endeavoring to follow Addison's style as closely as you can; using his method of transitions, summarizing phrases, etc.:—

1. Captain Sentry.
2. Sir Andrew Freeport.
3. Will Honeycomb.
4. Sir Roger and Baker's Chronicle.
5. The Perverse Widow.

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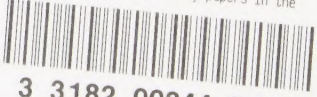

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